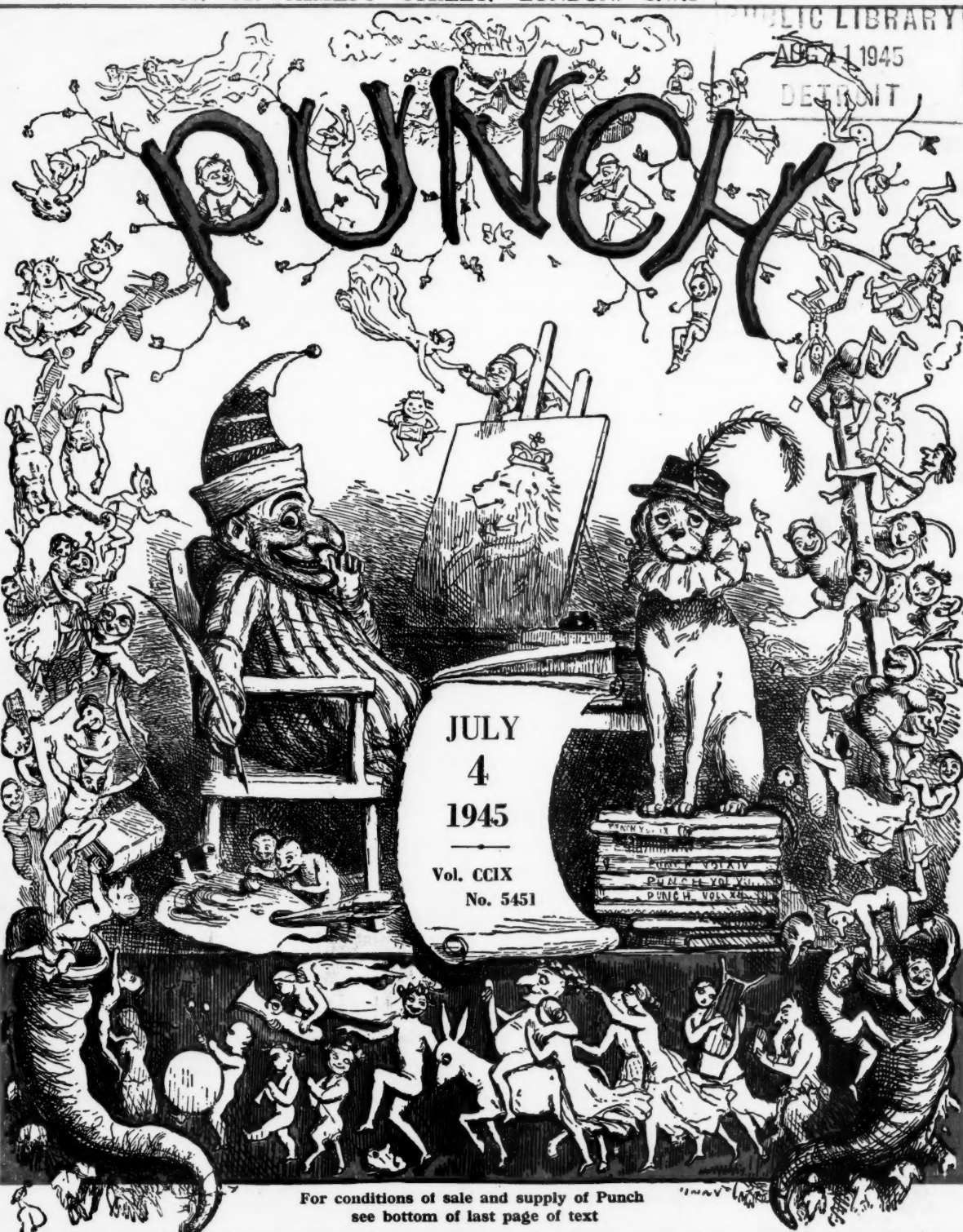


ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

**Imperial Typewriters****MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN**

Where do we go from here?



'Cease fire' in Europe has put that question on the lips of every man in the fighting services. Every answer means a new responsibility for the Y.M.C.A.

Some men will go across Europe with the Armies of Occupation. They will look to the Y.M.C.A. for help against loneliness, boredom and other dangers in many ways more subtle than any they met in war.

Some men will join our Forces in the East, where already the demand for more Y.M.C.A. services is insistent.

Others will come home to civilian life needing friendship, training and help in the great adventure of finding a career.

For all these urgent tasks the Y.M.C.A. needs your help in peace and in war. Will you send a contribution to-day?



Donations may be sent to the Lord Mayor of London (Sir Frank Alexander), Acting President of the Y.M.C.A. War and National Service Fund, 112, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940)

AUSTINS are making cars again

Production of the Austin Eight and Austin Ten de luxe four-door sliding-head saloons is being resumed for supply through Austin distributors and dealers to holders of Ministry of War Transport licences issued to persons engaged on work of vital national importance.

PRICES

EIGHT SALOON—£255 Plus approx. £71 Purchase Tax
TEN SALOON — £310 Plus approx. £87 Purchase Tax

THE AUSTIN IS COMING
—depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO. LTD • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM

A.3.260

Specially prepared by
Abdulla for all lovers of
the American style cigarette.

Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4
173 New Bond Street, W.1

MADE BY COVENTRY CLIMAX

This Coventry Diesel engine, made by Coventry Climax, is a smooth-running, high-speed engine with many fine characteristics.

COVENTRY DIESEL ENGINES LTD., COVENTRY

**COVENTRY
DIESEL**



Something to look forward to!

Mackintosh's
"always in quality street"

SORRY!

—but more to come

This space was booked to announce the return of the Hoover Cleaner at pre-war prices plus Purchase Tax.

But on the very first day that new cleaners appeared in our dealers' showrooms, they were practically all sold! We had expected them to last at least a week or two.

So we are using this space to tell you we are sorry, but that as quickly as possible, and we hope at an increasing rate, further supplies will be sent to our dealers. You may be able to get your name on a dealer's priority list.

Subject only to the over-riding necessity of fulfilling important war contracts, we will do everything humanly possible to get your Hoover to your home through your dealer.

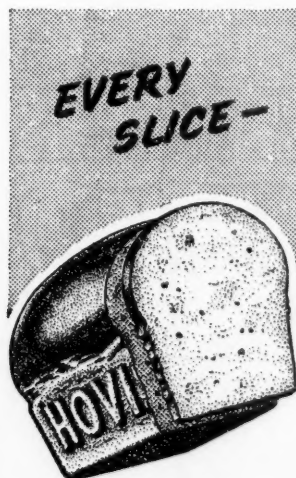
HOOVER
LIMITED

PERIVALE,
GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX



PRE-WAR PRICES

Plus Purchase Tax
Model 375 £10.15.0
Purchase Tax £2.13.9
Model 262 £17.5.0
Purchase Tax £4.6.3
Cleaning Tools extra



EVERY
SLICE—

is always nice

HōVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT
Macclesfield

*Famous for Fine
Quality*



LIMITED SUPPLIES
FROM
FAMILY GROCERS



This world famed Sherry (formerly called Findlater's Fino) could not be registered under that name and thereby protected from imitators. For the safeguarding therefore of our world-wide clientele we have re-named it—Findlater's Dry Fly Sherry.

FINDLATER, MACKIE TODD & CO. LTD.

Wine Merchants to H.M. the King, Wigmora St. W. 1

Note these Facts

SLEEPLESSNESS

has one thing in common with Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Colds and 'Flu:

like them, it can be relieved safely and speedily by 'Genasprin'.

There are many causes of Sleeplessness, of which worry, over-tiredness and a run-down state of health are perhaps the most general. Sleeplessness invariably creates a vicious circle: it induces the worry and tiredness which make sound sleep more difficult as well as more necessary.

That is where 'Genasprin' can help you. Two tablets taken in a little water at bedtime will quieten your over-active brain and induce that comfortable feeling of languor which is the forerunner of sound, refreshing sleep.

'Genasprin' is the safe brand of aspirin that cannot harm heart or digestion. It can be bought from any chemist at 1/5d. or 2/3d.

*At any time of strain or pain
'GENASPRIN'
sees you through!*

The word 'Genasprin' is the registered trade mark of Genasprin Limited, Loughborough, Leicestershire.



Not too little..

not too much..



but just right

thanks to the
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER OF
ERASMIC
SHAVING STICK



ER 355-96

THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.



BY APPOINTMENT
SCRUBB & CO. LTD.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

Saves
Soap
Fuel
Labour

Try Scrubb's in your bath. A few drops soften the water, refresh and invigorate.

FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD
CLEANING NEEDS

FROG MODEL AIRCRAFT

International Model Aircraft Ltd., have been 100% on war work, that is why there haven't been any FROG model aircraft for the last five years. It won't be long now before FROG models will once again be available.

Sole Concessionaires —
LINES BROS. LTD., LONDON, S.W.19



"Knowing how" in
COFFEE making



Chase & Sanborn

PURE COFFEE AT ITS BEST!

Send rd. stamp for interesting booklet to Standard Brands Ltd. Dept D Aldwych House London W.C.2.

A quality product of STANDARD BRANDS LTD.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE

RONUK
FOR POLISHING FLOORS

SEAGERS

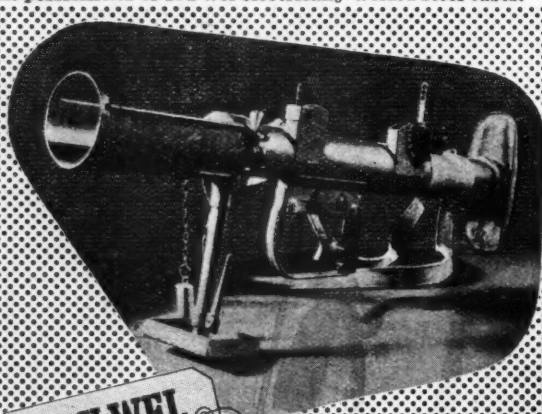


GIN

MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICE
25/3 per bottle.

WHO'LL BE INTERESTED IN GUNS AFTER THE WAR?

This is the P.I.A.T.—as a gun you will probably want to forget it, but as an example of engineering skill and high speed production it may very likely have a bearing on your post-war problems. Britain wanted vast numbers of these guns. Wanted them fast, wanted them dead accurate. We made the tubes, assembled the monopods, and delivered in record time. That skill and speed, with absolute accuracy ensured by rigorous testing, are ready to assist your change-over to post-war production. We believe you would find it profitable to investigate the possibilities of Tru-Wel electrically welded steel tubes.

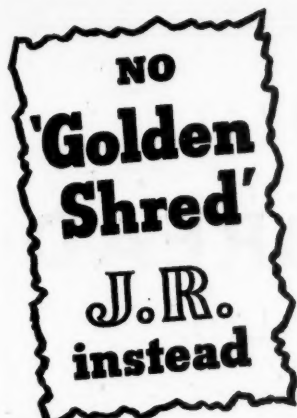


TRU-WEL
ELECTRICALLY WELDED STEEL TUBES



A MEMBER OF THE
TUBE INVESTMENTS GROUP **TUBE PRODUCTS LTD.** Oldbury, Birmingham
T.16

Tru-Wel electrically welded steel tubes are mass-produced to your requirements: identical in lightness and strength; in concentricity and evenness of wall-strength; identical in composition so that all can be manipulated with equal ease at full-power speed.



Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED."



Fruit is controlled, but quality cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill, coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's Robertson's
-you can depend on it!



JAMES ROBERTSON AND SONS (P.M.) LTD.
Golden Shred Works
London Paisley Manchester Bristol

DUFRAIS
Special
VINEGARS



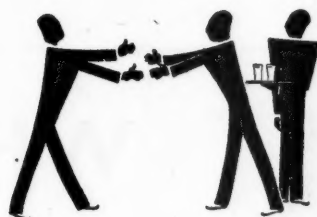
*Tarragon
Garlic
Chili*

*Elder
Cider
Eschalot
etc.*

Made from Natural Herbs
Matured in Genuine Malt
Vinegar

AND, SOLD ONLY IN BOTTLE

DUFRAIS & CO. LTD.
21, St. James Sq., London, S.W.1



*"When we do meet again,
will smile indeed"*

Schweppes

You're telling me...



but of course I know

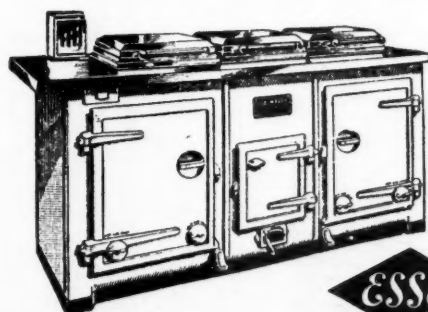
THAT

**CARR'S of
CARLISLE**

HAVE MADE

**THE BEST BISCUITS
FOR OVER 100 YEARS**

© C787



ESSE

**Good Catering needs
dependable Cookers**

Many hospitals, canteens and other types of catering establishments can testify to the efficiency and economy of Esse Major Heat Storage Cookers.

Their large ovens, indirectly heated, prevent scorching, and seal the meat to retain the essential juices with the least possible shrinkage.

They burn anthracite, Phurnacite or coke continuously day and night; they need the minimum of attention, and are easily cleaned.

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY

Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd. Established 1854.

Head Office and Works: **BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND.**

London Showrooms and Advisory Dept.: **46, DAVIES STREET, W.1.**

Also at LIVERPOOL · EDINBURGH · GLASGOW.

*A shoe is
as old as
it looks!*

W

ith a daily beauty treatment of MELTONIAN CREAM, your shoes can look young and handsome to a ripe old age. MELTONIAN is a blend of the finest waxes, which nourish and preserve the leather, keeping it supple, and giving a bright lasting polish.

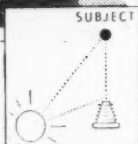
Help your shoes to last longer and look better — on a diet of MELTONIAN.

MELTONIAN

MELTONIAN LTD., OXGATE LANE,
CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.2

Where should the sun be when you snap?

Try snapping with the sun at your side, as in the diagram, instead of directly behind you. Side lighting gives more natural shadow effects and avoids a flat appearance. Be careful though not to let the sun shine into the lens.



• *By the way*, avoid loading your camera in bright sunlight. Good film is very sensitive—careless loading can easily spoil the spool.



'Kodak' Film is scarce because of war needs, so

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR
KODAK FILM

Kodak Limited, Kodak House, Kingsway, W.C.2

F.298

**Never eat a
full meal when
you're tired**

YOUR stomach can't cope with it and digestive strain soon leads to indigestion and ultimately to severe gastric trouble. What your digestion needs is REST. A cup of Benger's Food provides all the warmth and nourishment you require yet it soothes the stomach and gives your digestion a real rest and a chance to build up its strength. Try Benger's tonight . . .



BENGER'S

— an essential factor
in **REST-THERAPY** —
the natural treat-
ment for Indigestion

BENGER'S, today, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all Chemists and high-class Grocers — The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.

Benger's Ltd., Holmer Chapel, Cheshire.

ESTB. 1742

WHITBREAD
& Co. LTD.

*Brewers
of ale and stout
for over two centuries*



The MODERN WAY

of keeping the
home bright,
clean & healthy

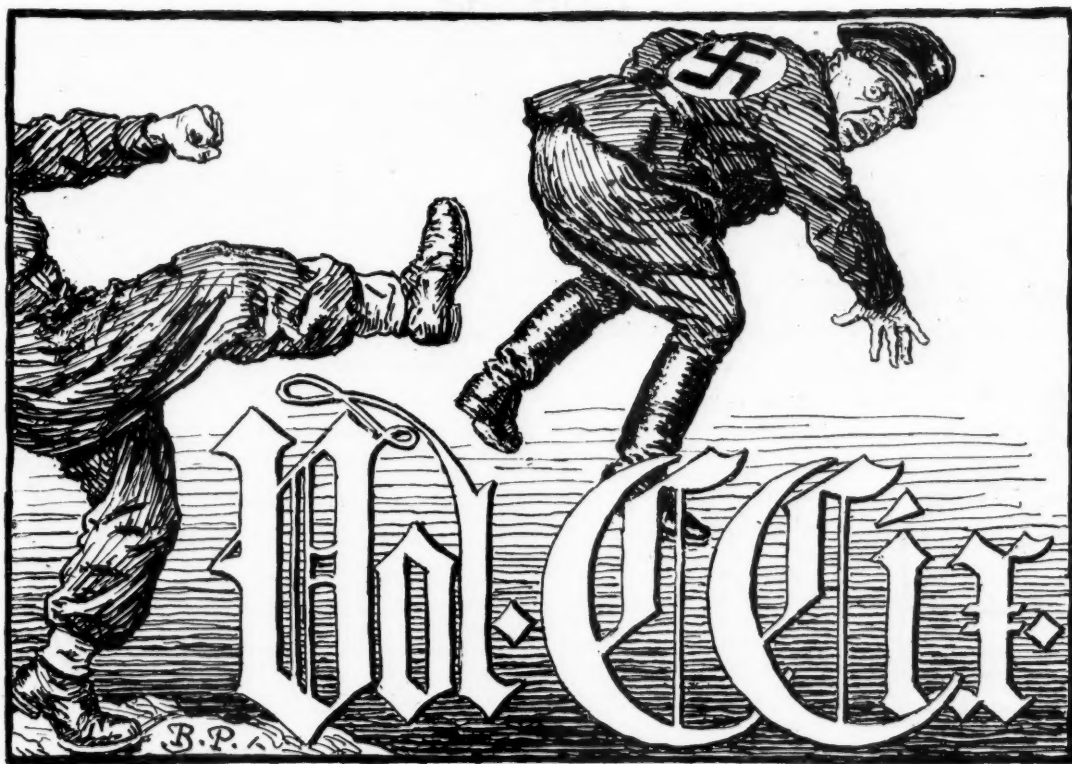
MANSION
ANTISEPTIC WAX
POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINO

USE SPARINGLY - STILL IN SHORT SUPPLY



MP
SH



My Own Election Address

ELECTORS OF TOADHURST,—It will surprise you no longer to learn that this England, this little gem set in the silver sea, which has won the admiration of the whole civilized world for a heroic and united resistance to the most terrible military machine of all time, is peopled to a very large extent by traitors, liars and louts. How numerous these persons are the present poll will determine. But conspicuous amongst them in any case are my opponent and the leaders of his party. It was they who encouraged the enemy by their policy in the pre-war period, it was they who, under the guise of a Coalition, have secretly helped him by their futile mistakes during the past six years; it will be they who, if they prevail, will subject their native land to the torture chamber, the concentration camp, the nonsense of the semi-divine leader, and the tyranny of the Gestapo. A vote for them is a vote for Germany, a vote for England is a vote for me. England in fact is looking to Toadhurst to show that in one constituency at any rate not many of these criminals were harboured.

Why, you may ask, were they not exposed sooner? How is it that the leaders of my party have so often during the time of Coalition praised their work, and exalted the characters of these disgusting men?

Electors of Toadhurst, it was only to deceive the enemy. My party knew them all the time for what they were, snakes in the wood pile, destroyers of liberty, jackdaws

in sheep's clothing with the faces of liars, but with feet of clay.

Now that peace is declared, they are planning to give you servitude instead of liberty, and poverty instead of wealth. Husbands and housewives of Toadhurst, are you likely to stand for that? I, on the other hand, if you return me to Parliament, propose to give every elector continuous employment, caviare, and not one house, but two, while at the same time I foster export trade and agriculture, and make good the wastage of the war.

But I have one policy which is peculiarly my own, the foremost plank in the programme on which I am walking, with your good leave, to Westminster. I intend to subsidize queues.

This is a reform long overdue. Only by establishing a fixed scale of wages for queue-formers can justice be done to the citizens of this island to-day. The greater the scarcity of any commodity, be it fish, fruit, jobs, houses, cinemas, buses or employment, the more lucrative must it be made to wait for them. The longer you wait the more you earn. If the Bill I am promoting is passed into law, five shillings an hour will be the basic rate, subject to local adjustments by the Ministry of Queues and the departmental officials who are in charge of queue control.

Electors of Toadhurst, with this final offer I lay my candidature with confidence in front of your apathetic eyes.

EVOE.

Charivaria

THE *British Medical Journal* says that girls do not show as many mental variations as boys. Ah, well, they must have something to make up for later on.

So petrol rationing is to end. Good job. It's had a longer run than it's let anyone else have.

A cricketer remarks that the recent Tests weren't nearly as satisfying as the pre-war variety. He should be patient: doesn't he remember that other phoney war, in 1939?



New radio sets will be much simpler. Children may look forward with confidence to models that even an adult can understand.

With election fever at its peak there is still a chance of justification for the optimists who thought we should have a warm summer.

We are nearly back on the old basis. If the peace goes on at its present rate somebody will start sending out war feelers.

Stockholm is failing; here is the General Election practically on us and they haven't sent any results through yet.

The Peace Conference may be called sooner than was expected. And probably more frequently.

"The garage was closed and I couldn't make anybody hear," complains a motorist. Perhaps the engine didn't knock loudly enough.

The Modern High Standard of Living

"Author's Amanuensis, or other competent literary person, Wanted as collaborator; genius of some kind essential."—*Advt. in suburban paper.*

The War Office announces that photographs may now be taken in all areas where there is unrestricted access. There is no objection, we understand, to a house-owner photographing his requisitioned residence from outside the fence.



An article lays it down that the harp is not the oldest orchestral instrument. This may be just another wheeze on the part of the newer ones.

Unfair Egg Allocation

"For sale, 4 pedigree Khaki Campbell ducks, 15s each, and 2 drakes 10s each in full lay."—*Advt. in Scottish paper.*

According to statistics, there have been fewer prosecutions for drunkenness during the war years than during the five years preceding the war. The brewers must take the credit for this.

Next year's Boat Race will be over the pre-war course. The old Putney - Mortlake - Piccadilly Circus-Vine Street route.

A magazine article describes the 'cello as a picturesque instrument. There may be other views, but they are sure to be obscured.



A Government official says that people are getting slack in the salvaging of bones. A housewife protests that her butcher removes the bones from fillet steak before she doesn't get it.

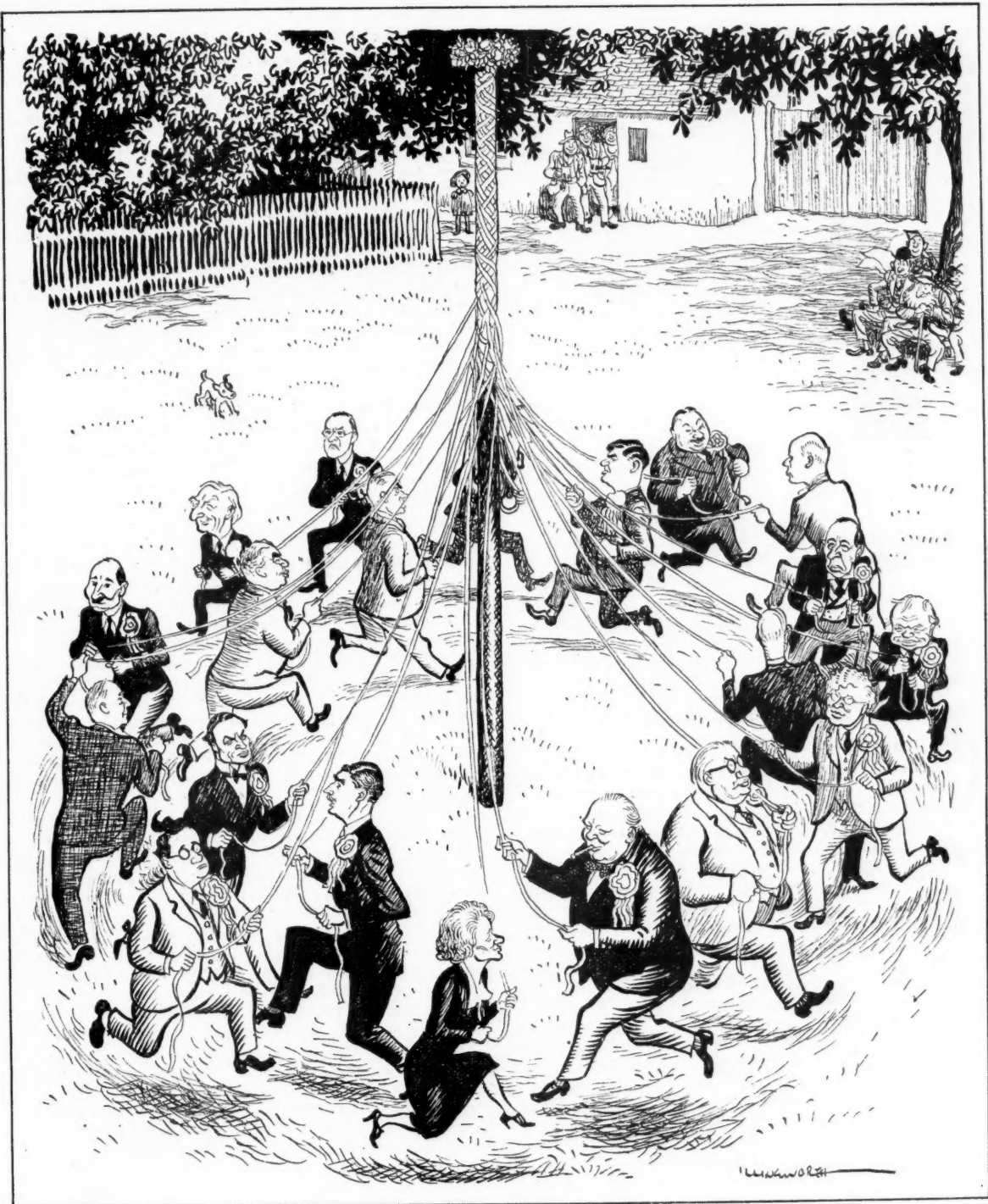
There is a shortage of handkerchiefs. The Board of Trade thinks of everything, including no pockets for pyjamas.

At this stage of the General Election it is very difficult to predict which daily paper will be returned to power.

The eyes of the world are focused on Spain, Syria, Poland, Argentina, Belgium and Trieste. Let's get our election over quietly while it's not looking.

It is a national characteristic of the Japanese to resent any form of interference from outsiders. Nothing annoys a Japanese soldier more than to be shot before he can commit suicide.

A railway porter lives in a pre-fabricated house. His comrades at the railway station have been amazed to notice how gently he slams the carriage doors.



ROUND THE JULY POLL



"I thought you'd promised not to try and influence my vote in this election, George."

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

THIS Belle-Lettre takes the form of a Moral Tale and is about a poet called Ernie Bone. This young man was a good, serious poet and had been articleed for years to the Poet Laureate. He worked regular hours and was a real steady proposition for any patron to back. When he was through his apprenticeship he took a cottage called "Yes, Sir, That's Mimosa" from a dance-band leader, learned to cook the food he found he could grow, and began his first independent composition. An Epic was what it was, because he thought no one would trouble to scan it right through, whereas with a triolet every slip would be noticed. He chose as his subject the History of the World, and reckoned that it would average out at a line a year starting with the Bronze Age.

This Bone had got as far as the Financial Policy of Attila, growing ever more fluent, when he received a wire which said, "Uncle Bedivere is following hard on the heels of this here wire stop air appropriate bed." He was rather worried as he had never had an Uncle Bedivere before and it seemed as if his Epic might get broken into, so following his usual custom when dismayed, he changed into his little shorts and ran round the neighbouring hills.

As a runner Ernie was slow in the extreme, but his action was very good indeed, and on this particular morning he was stopped several times to be complimented on it by passers-by, so that when he returned home his guest had already arrived and had retired to rest. He knew this by the sound of a portable gramophone playing a lullaby in the best bedroom. He did not like to disturb him, but

work became impossible, he was that full of curiosity and alarm. His lines came less and less like heroic couplets and more and more like hendecasyllabics. Finally, his manners decayed abruptly, and tiptoeing round to the bedroom window he looked in.

Uncle Bedivere was sitting up in bed and glared at his nephew through a blue eye-glass. His face looked as if it had been wizened suddenly, and in white gloved hands he was holding the local directory. "There's nobody in this hole worth knowing," he snapped. "I don't want to know anybody," replied Ernie. "They might interfere with my work. I am a poet." "So am I," said his uncle, "but I need as much society as I can get. The more bestial the better. They call me the Modern Juvenal. Also, why are you outside the window looking in and not inside the window looking out? Haven't you got an all-day lease?" Ernie gave a vague bow and politely climbed in.

Now you may think that this young man would have been pleased for another poet to come and stay with him, but this was not so, it being very irritating when one worker was tapping out iambs on the table and the other trochees. Quarrels were apt to arise over who should have the rhyming dictionary, and all in all Ernie Bone felt tepid towards his uncle and not prepared to cook very hard. In the next three weeks the Epic made little progress, as it got sneered at, Uncle Bedivere seeming to be used to very lively and frivolous poems indeed.

One habit which brewed trouble between them was the issuing of invitations to all the county. Ernie would return from a run to find the Hunt outside, or the County Council, and his guest basking in adulation with one hand and writing unbridled descriptions of his visitors with the other. One night he plucked up courage and said "How much longer will you be staying?" "Until I can sell some poems and afford to live in comfort again," was the reply. "It's never happened yet, but anyhow in about twenty years I shall be a Grand Old Man, and then disciples will call on me and I shall be able to charge them through the nose for tea. But, my lad, I am not the man to sponge on you. You just throw across that Epic of yours and I'll make it sizzle." At this point Ernie Bone took a very serious resolution indeed. He decided to make away with Uncle Bedivere.

Never having been a scout, our hero was in many ways rather unpractical, and did not trust himself to erect any kind of fatal booby-trap. Strongly indicated is what poisoning was, but he was in a difficulty as cooking did not come easily to him. He had been told by friends more worldly than himself that thick cocoa was an excellent medium and it was obviously necessary that this should be introduced into his repertoire at once, but when he thought of the long months he had needed to master boiled potatoes, his spirit was within an inch of quailing. However, he bought a tin and, working his way into the wood-shed, set himself to practise. His chief difficulty was to make the beverage sufficiently strong to distract attention from the disinfectant he was using, and yet not so strong that it could be eaten only with a knife and fork.

At length the day came when he was successful, as indeed his pertinacity deserved. The time was just 3.15, and it was a crisp bright afternoon as he ran with his precious burden into the house where his victim was entertaining the Cathedral Chapter. "I have brought you some cocoa, Uncle dear," he said with an ingratiating smile. At that moment a large piece of the ceiling fell on Ernie Bone and killed him. The moral of this story is, Never take a cottage in the country without having a surveyor to look it over first.

FINIS

Address to a New Barber

MOW gingerly, young man.
On this initial reconnaissance
Of a skull many anthropologists have begged
leave to finger—
Unaware that the originality of its bone-formations
Owes less to evolution
Than to a butter-fingered nursemaid—
Go easy up the trade-routes of your craft.

Soft pedal with the shears, young man.
For although martially arrayed
And of an aspect studiously ferocious
I abhor the skinned pink clip affected by military men
Forgetful of Samson,
And also by Southdown ewes
And other wool-bearing mammals.

Phrenologically fascinating,
These Gothic convolutions demand a special style of
thatch,
And what you are engaged on is therefore not hair-cutting
But topiary on the highest level.
Not that I am asking for a three-masted galleon,
Or a brace of ptarmigan,
Either of which would be considered bizarre in Service
circles,
But merely that you should adhere without deviation
To my conchoidal tracteries,
Matured through fifteen years of eclectic snipping
By your distinguished predecessor.

Ah, what an artist!
Such lopping was inspired.
I am sad, and,
What is more,
I am a prey to cardiac pendulosity
When I contemplate the rust already forming
On those magic scissors.
He was a master of my every dip and tussock.
Each little spinney was of his fashioning.

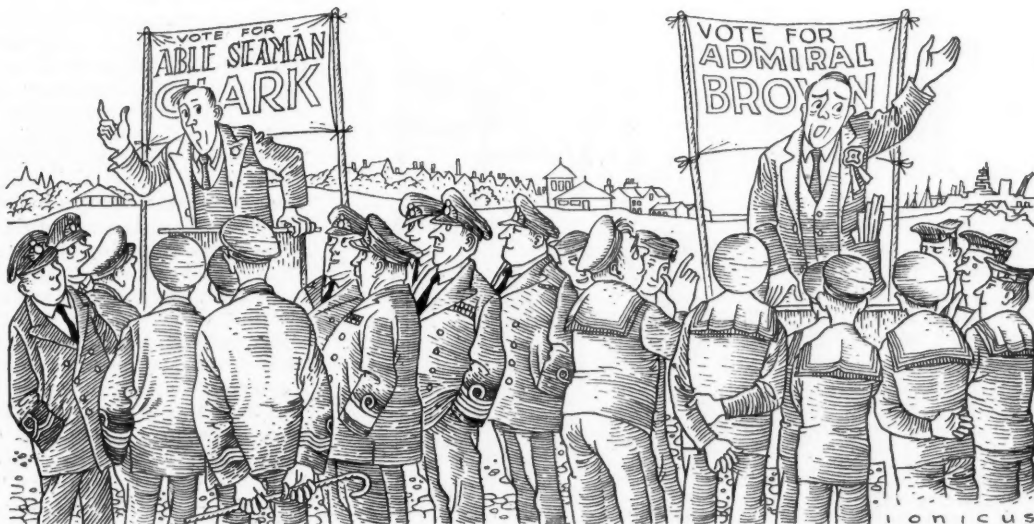
For upwards of an hour
He held spellbound the Master Barbers Inc. of Michigan
With slides of the development of my lateral afforestation.
It was his boast he could have pruned me in a fog,
Without the use of beam approach
Or other navigational aids.

But now, alas, he is gone!
Gone to the altar with a well-proportioned widow
Licensed to purvey wines, spirits and tobacco
Hard by a tram junction
In an arid thoroughfare of W.12.
He is gone to grow fat and forget.
If Epstein had been seduced into the Cabinet,
If G.B.S. had been swallowed up in jute,
If Tauber had inherited chain fish-and-chips
I could not weep more.

Ah woe!
A genius has gone out to grass.
Meteorological conjecture was foreign to his tongue.
He did not choose to probe into the future of Glamorgan,
Or Dante,
Or Gdynia,
Or Dr. Edith Summerskill.
Nor did he ask me to contemplate Emily,
Third of the flat-faced brood of Lady and (the late) Sir
Henry Pott,
In the small hours,
Her mouth full of kipper,
In any of our sister-hebdomadals.
Not once did he embark on extra-marital anecdote,
Nor did he attempt to sell me blades,
Or pink dripping,
Or green soup in a bottle.

Lightly with the sickle, young man.
One false stroke and from the housetop we cry Ichabod!
I mourn a renegade,
And I want to sleep.

ERIC.



At the Pictures

HEMINGWAY AND LERMONTOV

READERS of ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S novel will not recognize very much of it in *To Have and Have Not* (Director: HOWARD HAWKS). There is the sea-fishing episode, and the juxtaposition of the tough competent man of action and the uneasy blowhard (a situation noticeable in very many Hemingway stories); and there is a great deal of more or less self-conscious Hemingwayesque in the dialogue, so that sometimes one feels as if one is listening to a parody. But the pre-war story has been shifted to Martinique in 1940, and we get Vichy and counter-Vichy, fat Gestapo and lean Resistance, and the end is one of those last-minute escapes. . . . However, as you know, the main excuse for the film, the peg for all the publicity, the reason for most of the queues, is LAUREN BACALL, of the hoarse voice (artificially acquired), the "down under" look (conscious and cultivated), and a certain natural piquancy of expression. She stands up under her reputation pretty well. I don't maintain that she justifies all the posters say; nobody could be so "sultry," so "sensational" as all that with so comparatively little to go on; but she does all right what the story demands, which is mostly to throw off brief, tough cynicisms with enormous casualness, preferably from a lounging position, at the same time performing business with cigarettes, matches or drinks. For that matter much of HUMPHREY BOGART'S performance can be accounted for under this head, though he does get quite a bit of action too. Then there is the Martinique background (slatted screens, sliding striped shadows), and—for me the most interesting thing in the picture—the legendary composer of "Stardust" in person, HOAGY CARMICHAEL, excellent and in good swing form as a café pianist.

The film is in the line of *Casablanca* and *Passage to Marseille*: one can recognize that similar tested ingredients have been carefully mixed, in the hope of repeating a success. But it is the new ingredient, Miss BACALL (with her trailing clouds of publicity), that will really be responsible for the success of this one.

Technically patchy and uneven, and constantly interrupted by a sort of visual hiccups in the form of long subtitles (consisting of framed extracts from critical biographies of the



(To Have and Have Not

SULTRY BAG-SNATCHER

Marie LAUREN BACALL



[Lermontov

SHOULDER HATS!

Mikhail Lermontov . . . A. KONSOVSKY

subject), the Russian film *Lermontov* (Director: ALBERT GENDELSTEIN) remains very well worth seeing. It is described as "pages from the biography of a great Russian poet"; the period is 1837-1841, and the story begins as Lermontov hears of the death of Pushkin in a duel and ends with his own death in another. It is perhaps a pity that the characters constantly have to be quoting his poems, for the superimposed captions translate them, in rhyme, in such a way as to make the succeeding exclamations of approval rather difficult to understand; but although there are certainly too many words in the picture its main appeal is visual, and it offers much pleasure to the eye. The whirling ball-room scenes, the mountain landscapes, the snow scenes, the use of vistas, an unusual impressionist-painting kind of quality in many of the interior sequences—all these have their part in the attractive impression left by the film as a whole. Those subtitles interrupt its rhythm, but they are comparatively unimportant. The narrative concentrates on Lermontov as the champion of intelligent revolt against the hangers-on of Imperial despotism, and in the Russian manner makes the villains rather obviously and naively villainous. But it's an original, stimulating picture.

National Velvet (Director: CLARENCE BROWN) I found surprisingly enjoyable; surprisingly, for my previous rough impression of the facts about it (children, horses, and whimsy, in the Hollywood England, for two hours) had not suggested that it was exactly my cup of tea. But this Technicolor version of ENID BAGNOLD'S novel about the little girl who gets a horse in a raffle and rides it to win in the Grand National proves to be a bright and (in spite of certain sentimentalities) engaging picture. The best things about it are ELIZABETH TAYLOR, an unusually charming child who plays the eleven-year-old heroine, and the shatteringly well-managed race which is the climax. Then there is the colour, a bit lush and obvious perhaps in some of its effects but often remarkably pleasing; and some excellent subsidiary playing, particularly by ANN REVERE and DONALD CRISP as the mother and father, and the infant JACKIE JENKINS whom you may remember in *The Human Comedy*. You can't believe he's meant to be English, and that's hard to believe about most of the other phenomena in the picture as well; but there is such vitality and freshness in it that this has never seemed less important. R. M.

At the Market Place

LAST week the open part of our Market Place was made available for the first time since September 1939, when the lights were abolished. Probably the news was unfanfared outside parochial limits and only a few hucksters and cheap-jacks attended. Or the remark of a soldier on leave might have held some truth, that the rest were doing very well as quartermaster-sergeants.

This was a rip-roaring place in the old days. You could buy anything from coffin varnish to day-old chicks. Men who, on their own admission, would have been resident in Harley Street but for the mulishness of the B.M.A., undertook to cure deafness by stuff drunk from a bottle. A stalwart in a sweater bent ten-inch nails as a testimony to his specific for general weakness. Some of the commodities were composite; a gentleman in a frock-coat sold a harmless lubricant guaranteed to remove fish-bones stuck in the throat or case screws.

At the side are the hucksters' stalls. It was here, one summer evening, that I saw the tenant of the cloth-cap stall pull in all his price-cards and make a slight alteration. It must be fairly well known that the cloth-cap is the most popular form of male headwear in many parts of the North of England. Exercising a whippet or going up for the Cup Final, you would look daft in anything else. Accordingly the tenant of the cloth-cap stall did quite a good trade. He was a large man who sat at the rear of the stall, rather like Buddha, and let the customers try on the caps themselves.

On this particular summer evening there arrived a young man with a highly fastidious taste. He rummaged among the browns but gave them up as approaching the leprous, judging from the way he recoiled and tut-tutted with his mouth. So patent was his disgust at the browns that the onlooker next to me, a man up to the ears in a large slice of water-melon he had just purchased, broke into speech.

"Ah once bought a cap fra' 'ere," he divulged splashingly.

The young man next turned to the dark and light slates. He inspected them keenly but, after a rather acid remark to the stall-holder, waved them disdainfully to one side and passed to the moorland tweeds. However, the moorland tweeds culminated in a button on the top, and the young man preferred an unbroken surface. So he tried on a few dark greys. But these

did not suit him at all, a fact he clearly saw after examining himself in the stall's mirror.

"T' fust time Ah wore it a thread were 'anging loose," my neighbour observed, treating me to another instalment about the cap he had once bought and streaming water from the face like heavy rain down a wall.

The young man was now ranging among the shepherd's-plaids. Most decidedly he knew how to make a thorough examination, for he put his hands inside several of the caps and jerked outwardly in order to test their durability. Still, it was from the shepherd's-plaids that he at length made a choice. I leaned forward the better to see a cap that had merited the approval of such a connoisseur. But it proved to be only one of two. The young man selected a rough fawn. He laid it beside the shepherd's-plaid and hovered for his final choice.

"Ah pulled at this thread and t' blessed cap dropped in 'alves," announced my neighbour, emitting a final volley of pips.

Finally, the young man rejected the

rough fawn. He put on the shepherd's-plaid and studied himself in the mirror. He leaned now a little forward and now a little backward. He twisted himself contortively in an attempt to view the effect from behind. He pulled the cap slightly to one side. He patted it gently on top. Satisfied at last, he turned round quickly—and made off at a remarkable pace without paying. Although the stall-holder was beseeching everyone within a quarter-mile radius to arrest his progress, he streaked sinuously between the stalls and booths and vanished entirely from the scene before most people had recovered from their astonishment.

It was then, as I have stated, that the stall-holder pulled in his price-cards and began altering them. At the same time he was telling us all what he would do with the young man's liver if ever he came within reach of it. When he put back the cards it was seen that he had added a halfpenny to the price of each. It is, I understand, an economic law. All increased costs are inexorably passed on to the consumer.





"No, there are no houses about here."

The Wag

RARELY though my muse is given
Up to serious themes and grave,
Now and then, if wisely driven,
She'll inspire a nobler stave.
So to-day I bid her summon
All her best, nor think to flag
Till she's rightly sung that rum 'un,
England's pride, the Cockney Wag.

Not when things are moving lightly,
When perchance some happy throng
Take their ease, serene and sprightly,
Does he really come out strong;
When there's little cause for grumbling,
When there's jape and jest to spare,
There'd be odds against your tumbling
To the fact that he was there.

But when queue-d and crowded gather
In the unexpected rain,
Shiver in the wind or lather
Densely in a crawling train,
When one sees the choler spreading
Broad and wide from brow to brow
And in general things are heading
For a comprehensive row,

Do discomforts seem to irk him
As with those surrounding folk?
Not a jot. They merely perk him
Up and lo! the ready joke.
Every face grows bright. The weakest
Find a tonic mirth therein;
Even he whose views are bleakest
Darkly softens to a grin.

England errs in being modest.
More retiring She than most,
Which is possibly the oddest
Thing that any race could boast,
But for time of stress and ruction
She for once may rightly brag
Of that national production,
London's pride, the Cockney Wag.

DUM-DUM.

Art for Your Own Sake

MY DEAR BOY,—I hear you are thinking of becoming an Art Critic. May I, as one who knows nothing about art either, offer you one or two hints?

ARTISTS

Don't try to learn the names of all the artists. But get an assortment firmly in your mind.

Manet	Degas	Constable	Guardi
Monet	Corot	Cotman	Samuel Prout

and of course Toulouse-Lautrec. Then memorize a few of the works of each.

You will not have heard of Guardi and Samuel Prout, but they are important because few of your readers will have heard of them either.

"He lacks the monastic approach to his subject of, for instance, a Guardi or a Samuel Prout."

"Hardly perhaps since Lasinio (dubbed 'execrable,' readers will remember, by Ruskin) startled his contemporaries by the disingenuousness of his outline engravings . . ."

These casual draughts from an obviously deep well put the reader in his proper place. If it be objected by some insufferable fellow critic that neither Guardi nor Prout had a trace of monasticism in his composition, you must ask in your next article what is *meant* by monasticism in art. Warn your readers against the pitfall of supposing it to be synonymous with *austerity*, and point out that there is a real sense in which even Turner in his middle period was a monastic.

Keep Goya, El Greco, Gauguin and Van Gogh clearly distinguished in your mind. Goya was a Spaniard and rather odd, El Greco painted religious subjects, Gauguin didn't and Van Gogh cut off his ear. That is to say, Van Gogh cut off his own ear; there is no evidence that he cut off Gauguin's, though it might be interesting to speculate what the effect on Gauguin's later work would have been if he had.

ATTRIBUTES

Show your familiarity with the work of artists, great and small, by freely comparing and contrasting the characteristics of their paintings with those of others—or with the music or poetry of others if you prefer it ("his 'Nymphs Bathing' has something of the terse quality of Horace's Ninth Ode"). But keep it general. Don't particularize. Don't say that Rubens mixed his reds badly and was hopeless at drawing fish. People may contradict, or even challenge you to produce a fish drawn by Rubens. But there is no risk at all in saying that Rubens' essential objectivity and relentless refusal to lend himself to an animistic conception of nature owed nothing to Bellini's integrity of purpose and still less to Benozzo Gozzoli's fourteenth-century *bravura*. Nobody is likely to ask what you mean.

Be careful of dates. If you are not sure whether Bellini or Rubens lived first, put the thing round another way. "The attempt, common enough a few years ago, to find a connection between the work of two such dissimilar geniuses as Rubens and Bellini, was always doomed to failure. The one loved life, the other loved living, and in that distinction you have the whole answer to the fable of the earlier artist's influence upon his great successor."

SOCKS

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It may comfort you to know that my favourite pair of socks bears the cheery label of your Comforts Fund.

"These socks were given to me in the beginning of the war and served through the Flanders campaign and more than twelve months of trapesing across deserts in the Middle East. The wool is matted and apparently quite hole-proof, in fact I feel that a testimonial parodying the old Pears' Soap tramp advertisement is their just due—something on the lines of 'since then I have worn no other.'

"Thank you, Mr. Punch."

(Signed) G. W. A., Capt.

Donations will be most gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

On the whole, though, it is better to look up your dates. Get the pre-Raphaelites in the right century anyway.

LANGUAGE

Don't describe painting in terms of painting. Describe it in terms of music (or literature, or fretwork if you like). Then compare the painting with a piece of music, describing the latter as if it were a painting, and you will have the reader so fogged in no time that he won't have the spirit to resist. Tell him that Picasso's orchestrated backgrounds, swelling out as they do into the tremendous organ-notes of his central *motif* (rather in the manner in which Dvorak infuses colour and shape into the third movement of his "New World"), are varied with uncanny skill by occasional flute-like values, as, for example, in "The Viaduct." Nobody will be surprised, except possibly Picasso.

Check up, by the way, that Picasso painted a picture called "The Viaduct," before making use of this bit. I am frankly guessing.

Here are some phrases that spring to mind and may be of use to you until you get into the swing of it:

- masculinity
- virile cynicism (Manet?)
- unresolved values
- integrated values
- residual values
- values
- a certain negative philosophy characteristic of his earlier work
- half-baked Romanticism
- taciturn phrasing

INDIVIDUAL WORKS OF ART

It is almost impossible at times to avoid discussing particular works of art, as opposed to just drooling about artists. Here are two pretty sound rules to guide you when in this predicament.

Towards *established* masterpieces the attitude should be one of emotion recollected in tranquillity. "One recalls, as the eye takes in once again the subtle harmonies of this fine, perhaps the finest, flower of Rembrandt's genius, something of the early authentic thrill that accompanied its first impact on the youthful consciousness" . . . "never cease to be impressed by the intensity of emotion" . . .

"familiarity cannot dim" . . . and so on. The last thing you must do is to indicate that this is the first time you've come across the thing. Just a touch of human fallibility now and again, if you will . . . "the left foot of a cockerel in the right foreground which I do not remember to have properly studied before. The distribution of the bird's weight through the centre of the foot and out to the claws is indicated, rather than expressed, with astonishing fidelity."

Towards works on exhibition for the first time, be broad-minded and of course ambiguous, unless they are shown at the Royal Academy, in which case kill them. "Haekneyed" . . . "the usual collection of babbling brooks and stolid aldermen" . . . "with his customary competence" . . . "apart from a little gem in the water-colour section" . . . "*O tempera! O mores!*" These are the sort of phrases for the spring show.

That will do for the present. Let me see one of your early efforts and I will do my best to criticize it. But always remember—keep your values unresolved.

H. F. E.

H'm

"The cheque presented to Mr. G. W. Summers, organist at Hambleton Parish Church and at Gateforth Church, was the joint gift of both villages, Gateforth people subscribing liberally."

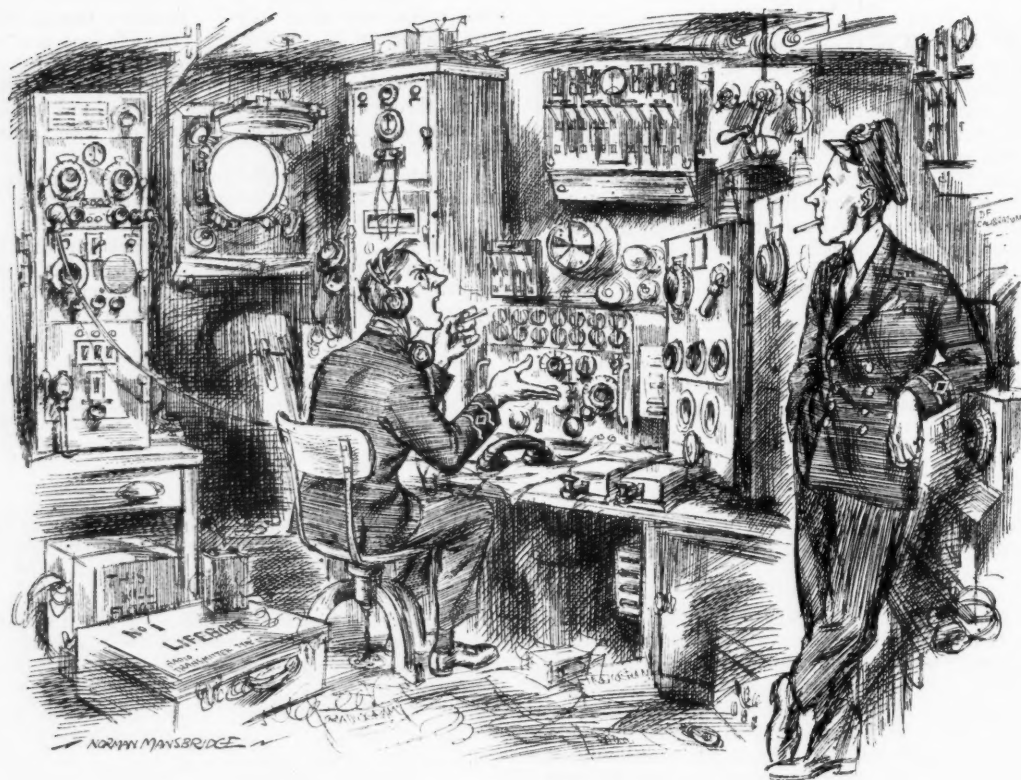
Yorks. paper.

"Norman life has been restored in Syria and the Lebanon, but a solution of the crisis still seems remote."—*Belfast paper*.

How about a little simple faith?



"Is this the queue for Liberal?"



"Trouble with this life, old man, one gets so out of touch with the world."

John England to the Poll-Booth Came.

So on he went; the little streets were gay,
Each casement with its coloured emblems bright
That some the left displayed and some the right,
And others, here and there, a middle way;
He wandered on intent, nor made a stay
Till last, his wished-for goal appeared in sight.

Through tangled thickets of o'ershadowed ways,
The sunlight dimmed, extinct each friendly star,
A ten years' journey had he travelled far,
Of noisome rumours, desperate affrays,
That darkened all the sad and troublous days
Racked by the storm of unrelenting war.

Suddenly it came on him, at the bend
Of that dull, sordid street—that was the place,
Just there, a trifle shattered, near the space

A doodle-bug had cleared, some evening's end
In forty-four, past hope and past amend;
To mark what was, only the rubble's trace.

Outside they stood, the little ring of men,
Inside, enwrapped in half-official gloom,
The solemn priests of that fate-laden room.
A little at the door he paused—and then
Read through their specious promises again
Ere for this one or that he cast his doom.

At last. He thrust them back into his coat:
Conviction came upon him like a flame
And lit the pictured face, the canvassed name
That should enjoy his lone and secret vote.
Swiftly he moved, with eager steps, and wrote
His cross—*John England to the Poll-Booth came.*



AFTER SAN FRANCISCO



"You come just after Mr. Sheridan's comedy, Mr. Pitt, and just before the cock-fighting."

Misleading Cases

The Corporation of Burbleton v. Stanislavski

MR. Justice Cheese to-day gave judgment in this unusual action which raises a question of interest to many townships at the present time. His Lordship said:

"In this action the Corporation of Burbleton City are proceeding—reluctantly, as they have assured us, and we can well believe—against Marshal Stanislavski, the distinguished commander who has done so much for the cause of the Allied Nations in Eastern Europe. So sensible of his deeds and services were the people of Burbleton that they decided to confer upon him the Freedom of Burbleton. Accordingly, in a moving ceremony this year, the young Marshal was made an honorary Freeman of the Borough. There was a banquet; there were noble speeches; there was a procession, during which the excited citizens swarmed affectionately about the Marshal's car.

These emotions had scarcely subsided when, to the surprise and delight of the citizens, it was an-

nounced that the Marshal proposed to take up his residence in the first city to make him a freeman. Burbleton is by the sea, the Marshal is fond of swimming and boating; and in his own country, it appears, even a Marshal is subject to so many restraints and restrictions that the status of a freeman (unknown in his own land) made a very practical appeal to him. The grateful citizens purchased and presented to the Marshal a fine freehold mansion beside the sea; and there he resides.

Unfortunately, at no stage was it made clear to anyone or by anyone exactly what the privileges of a freeman are, which is indeed the question the Court has now to answer. Some light, but not much, emerges from a study of the Honorary Freedom of Boroughs Act, 1885. It is there laid down that persons of eminence may be made Honorary Freemen of a Borough, with a proviso that the persons so distinguished shall not be entitled to a share in the produce

or the proceeds of a sale of any property or stocks belonging to the Corporation.

This purely negative information does not lead us very far. Counsel for the plaintiffs has urged persuasively that the word 'honorary' is equivalent to 'formal', that the whole affair is no more than a symbolic courtesy and that no substantial privileges are in fact or law conferred by it. The Court rejects this view. We are satisfied that the word 'honorary' is used in distinction from the old, and now forbidden, practice by which it was possible to purchase the status of a freeman. Further, putting the best construction, as we feel bound to do, on the acts of a municipal corporation, we decline to assume that this and other bodies can have performed with so much pomp and circumstance an act that was practically meaningless.

That, at all events, was the view taken by the Marshal, who argued simply that a freeman must be more free than one who was not a freeman,

especially if he was made free with so much ceremony and emotion.

On the first Wednesday after his arrival he drove out in his car to shop in the narrow High Street of the city. On that day, by the by-laws, it was the turn for motor-cars to park on the west side of the street. The Marshal, however, left his car, unattended, on the east side, while he conducted with considerable gaiety, and even familiarity, a long conversation with a comely shop-assistant. A big and intractable traffic-jam resulted. The Marshal emerged at last to find a curious crowd, two stern policemen, and a long line of vehicles, all hooting indignantly. When the identity of the delinquent was recognized, however, the scowls of the citizens gave way to smiles. The policeman, in simple terms, explained the by-law; the Marshal said charmingly, 'I have understand—but I am Freeman—is it not?' and the incident passed off with good-humour.

The next day the Marshal was seen driving very fast along the sea-front, on the wrong side of the road, ignoring the lights, singing a wild old cavalry song, and with a young lady on his knee. When stopped at last and chided by a constable, he said again, with his delightful smile: 'But I am Freeman of Borough—yes?' The officer, with singular tact and intelligence, remarked that the Marshal was a Freeman of Burbleton, but not of Great Britain, and that neither the Corporation nor anyone else could give him licence to violate the general traffic-laws of the kingdom. The Marshal, according to the evidence, took the point at once; and has not since offended in this manner.

The distinction made by the constable, however, may well have fortified the Marshal's evident belief that within the bounds of the Borough he was entitled to ignore the obligations of a citizen of the Borough. There followed, at brief intervals, a series of incidents which have caused disquiet. The first was the great soldier's resolute refusal to pay any rates. A Freeman, he said, must surely enjoy the public services of the Borough—the police, the gas, the water, and so on, free of charge. There seems to be some reason in this contention, and the Corporation at length assented. Similarly, with success, the Marshal declined to make any payment for entry on to the Esplanade Pier, or for the use of a deck-chair on the Esplanade.

Next came the Rocket Episode. On the fifteenth anniversary of the foundation of the Revolutionary State in his

own land the Marshal gathered a number of his compatriots in the evening on the Esplanade. A great many toasts were drunk; a small but active balalaika band played stirring folk-songs, in which the chorus joined, interfering no little with the efforts of the municipal band to please the citizens not far away; and there was a fine display of that acrobatic form of dancing described by one witness as 'dancing sitting down'.

Rockets and other fireworks were then produced and discharged; and finally the Marshal fired one hundred and one live rounds into the air from his revolver in honour of the Revolution. There is, it appears, a very strict by-law against the use of fireworks on the Esplanade; and one of the rockets discharged at a low angle set fire to the head of the Pier. The fire was quickly extinguished, and for this part of the evening's work the Marshal charmingly expressed regret; but, as to the rest, he again genially reminded the authorities that he was a Freeman.

The Marshal has a large steam-yacht which he has berthed in the Harbour, refusing to shift his berth when desired, or to pay any harbour-

dues. The Corporation is rightly proud of the various by-laws and regulations which it has established to keep the practice of sea-bathing within decent and orderly limits. No undressing on the beach, not even 'macintosh-bathing', is permitted: and all must enter the sea from Corporation huts, within well-defined limits and in standard costumes. The Marshal and his friends have consistently ignored these arrangements. Hilarious parties of young men and women have emerged from his house and noisily entered the sea at all hours of the day and night, in costumes variously described as bizarre, scanty, and Continental, and, on at least one occasion, it is rumoured, in no costumes at all. And the mischief is, say the Corporation, that some of their own citizens are inclining towards indiscipline too.

These assaults upon public order and the decent name of Burbleton at last provoked the Council to firmer action than they had cared to contemplate before. With admirable tact they caused to be conveyed to the Marshal a private intimation that unless he could find it convenient to comply with the local by-laws, customs and charges his presence in the Borough would be no longer welcome. The Marshal replied laughingly 'But I am Freeman. The people love me.' Which appears to be true.

What are the Corporation to do? They cannot eject him, for he is a free-holder. It would be odious to prosecute the great man whom they have delighted to honour for what many would think to be small offences. Moreover, they are not sure of their position at law: and they have come to this Court for a declaration.

The Court holds, with some reluctance, that they have brought this trouble on themselves. There must be some substantial significance in the appellation 'Freeman', or it would not have been made the subject of an Act of Parliament. That significance can only be a degree of freedom within the Borough, not enjoyed by the citizen who is not a 'freeman'. Discretion and taste will, no doubt, in most cases suggest the limits within which such a privilege shall be enforced; but, so long as he does not infringe the law of the land, we hold that in Burbleton the Marshal can do what he likes."

A. P. H.



Quick Change

"Since his chief opponent is the Tory Party's white-headed boy, Mr. Brendan Bracken . . ."—*The Star*.



"Shrimps, madam? Not yet, madam—just as soon as the Government can spare the transport."

Memoirs of Mipsie

By Blanche Addle of Eigg

XX—How Mipsie Won the War and Lost the Peace

IT was not until early in 1917 that Mipsie found her real *métier* in the Great War, though she accomplished many wonderful things during the previous year, especially in liaison work, establishing a depot for regimental pets (though she was always the chief pet, as some admirer said), and as a voluntary inspector of staff tennis-courts. This last involved touring round the various H.Q., often in great personal danger from her car skidding in ruts, and playing experimental games with the officers. Sometimes of course bad weather would preclude outdoor sports, so Mipsie would be the guest of Army Headquarters for a few days, and in that way she grew to know many of their needs; she often says that her Base memories would fill a book. It was these experiences that led her to open her famous Milli-Baba Café in Amiens.

She realized that man's chief want in that grim and arid war was glamour—and she gave it to them with both hands.

Her first step, when she had found the right place—an enormous, almost empty wine cellar, which she and a few devoted helpers got completely clear in no time, was to appeal through the British Press for what she needed to give the desired atmosphere of an Eastern café. As always with Mipsie, the response was magnificent. She asked for beads—every jewel box in the *beau monde* was opened to send her amber, lapis lazuli, cornelian, jade . . . She wanted palms—there was not a conservatory in the stately homes of England that did not yield her of its best. Persian rugs, flowing draperies, almost too many brass gongs (people were particularly generous with Benares ware), poured into her depot

at our London home in Eaton Square, and were somehow or other got out to France by my clever sister.

The opening of the Milli-Baba Café was almost as brilliant as a peace-time function. The waitresses, who were all dressed as houris, were drawn from the cream of Debrett (for it is one of Mipsie's great boasts that she has never been associated with the demi-monde; indeed, as she has frequently remarked, half of anything is too little). So dukes' and marquesses' daughters handed round sandwiches which their mothers had cut up, and in some cases their grandmothers washed the plates behind a screen. Mipsie herself, dressed with war-time simplicity as the Queen of Sheba, dispensed champagne from earthenware ewers. It was all very homely and delightful.

Such was the popularity of the café,

however, that she was forced, after a fortnight, to close it for one whole week-end, so that she and her staff could collect and restrung the beads which the waitresses had worn and mend the rents in their yashmaks. It was then that they discovered a quartermaster fast asleep in a large Benares pot which had been used as an ash-tray. He had been there since the opening. This decided Mipsie to make the Milli-Baba more exclusive, so that such incidents should not be repeated. Consequently she was compelled to raise her prices considerably and this continued throughout the war, the popularity and the tariff rising above each other in a splendid spiral. There were some maliciously minded persons who hinted that Mipsie was making "a good thing" out of the venture and robbing our fighting men. I hope they may feel ashamed when they read the following facts.

We all remember the terrible time in the spring of 1918 when the advancing Germans so nearly captured Amiens. Then suddenly there came a check—a check which proved the first stepping stone to our final victory. It was not till after the armistice that I was shown a letter, which somehow had come into British hands, written by a high-up officer in the German army to his wife. In it he said that from all he heard about Amiens, it would be a bad thing for them if they captured it, as if the Duchess of Briskett was still there, Germany would have to *pay too dear for victory*. Some say that the words were meant in joke, but in my opinion it is clear that, in fact, my dear sister was instrumental, if not actually responsible, for *winning the Great War*.

But where others receive high honours, pensions and grants, Mipsie's sole reward was the consciousness of a job well done, and what small profits, amounting to a few thousand francs (or pounds, I forget which) she had made out of the Milli-Baba—money which was soon to save her from complete ruin, as my dear readers will hear.

One day, Addle and I were quietly sitting at Bengers, he going over pig notes, I endeavouring to use up some tarred twine which I had had for knitted sou-westers (a little war wrinkle of my own) by crocheting a jumper for Margaret, then an adorable little ruby-faced imp of six, when Mipsie burst into the room, with tears the size of her pearls (almost) coursing down her cheeks. "Blanche," she said wildly, "the Russian revolution has spread to Goulashia. They have imported bombs that really go off.

The palace is destroyed, Mich has fled, and I——" She staggered to a chair. "My money is worth nothing." I thought she was going to faint, and told Addle, who was standing sympathetically by, keeping only one finger on a design for pig-feeders, to ring for brandy, but when it came she seemed to rally as she helped herself to a tumblerful. "It's the shock," she apologized with her winsome smile, as she drained it.

"Dearest Mipsie," I told her, "you will surmount this as you have surmounted other troubles. Meanwhile, you will of course look on Bengers as your home."

Somewhat to my surprise, for he is very moderate as regards alcohol, my husband also poured himself out a tumbler of brandy and quickly drank it. "I have had a shock too," he explained, catching my questioning eye. I think that incident shows the amazing devotion Mipsie inspires in all, that Addle, who is by no means emotional, could thus feel her troubles as his own.

M. D.

Shropshire Contest Isosceles

(From our Political Correspondent)

CHUDDLECOMBE, WEDNESDAY.—In the palmy days of the eighteenth century when politics were still untainted by economics (Adam Smith's *Inquiry Into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* was not published until 1776) it used to be said that "Who wins Chuddlescombe holds all Salop." Every election campaign in those days found the town full of official Whig and Tory hostesses, sporting their party colours and filling the air with rumour and the odour of dissolution. But one squalor does not make a summer.

Then, in 1786, the constituency became a rotten or pocket borough and was handed over to the De Malincourt family as a reward for their services to banking during the celebrated Baku "incident." Chuddlescombe now passed out of the political limelight.

Exactly one hundred and fifty-nine years later we find the place a Mecca once again. In this election it is a key constituency and the parties are sparing neither time nor money to turn it to their advantage. That is why I have made it my headquarters.

So far housing has been the chief subject of controversy. Mr. Prestwyck favours flats. Mr. Lowry-Cowen, with

one eye on the birth-rate, favours temporary dwellings. He has promised the electors holidays with P.A.Y.E.

As I write a band of children sweeps through the market square with a large banner:

FAMILY ALLOWANCES SHOULD BE PAID
WHERE THEY BELONG—
TO THE CHILDREN.

And now they break into song:

Vote, vote, vote for Mr. Cowen
And you'll live to rue the day.
He will put you on the dole
And export all your coal
And fritter your nest-eggs away.

Vote, vote, vote for Mr. Jack Sharpe
And there'll be the hell to pay.
He will nationalize the banks;
All you'll get is thanks,
And the next war will be on the way.

Vote, vote, vote for Mr. Prestwyck
He is sure . . .

The children disappear with their song into committee room "C."

Mr. Prestwyck has leapt into prominence overnight by taking up the case of the gas people who have objected to the flood-lighting of their show-rooms with electricity during the recent celebrations. A protest meeting has been called for Thursday night.

Polling takes place on July 5th, and the three candidates have agreed to a political truce from that date until the declaration of results. Mr. Sharpe plans to spend the interval quietly. "I shall bury myself in the country," he said. "It will be great to get away from Chuddlescombe for a few weeks." Mr. Prestwyck is more cautious. "I shall remain at my post," he said, "until my deposit has been refunded." Mr. Lowry-Cowen told me: "I shall go up to London and look around for a flat in Whitehall or Downing Street. I am preparing a number of Private Member's Bills."

Since this is the first triangular contest ever to be held in Chuddlescombe there is much speculation whether the "progressive" vote will be split sufficiently to give Mr. Cowen the victory. This seems likely, to say the least. For, let OX be drawn parallel to AD; then the angle COD is bisected rather neatly and the angle AOC and the angle subtended by the base (Prestwyck) must be very pinched for degrees.

Yes, if Mr. Lowry-Cowen can make sure of the hypotenuse he should just about do it.

Hod.

Peter Pan Corner

"Help wanted for baby. Permanent."
Advt. in Cambridge paper.



"But surely, darling, it's most unlikely that Mr. Bairstow will be defeated by just two votes."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Richard Wagner

THE third of the four volumes which Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN is devoting to the *Life of Richard Wagner* (CASSELL, 30/-) covers the collapse of Wagner's first marriage, his two years at Munich as the object of the youthful King Ludwig's adoration, and his transference of Cosima von Bülow, the wife of one of his most fervent disciples, from Bülow to himself. The reader may not agree with all, or even with many of Mr. NEWMAN's conclusions, but he will at least be grateful to the immense industry which has assembled so many facts, to the skill with which they are set forth, and to the candour with which Mr. NEWMAN has repeatedly presented evidence very damaging to his own views. "One thing cannot be too strongly insisted on—the entire honesty of Wagner's attitude to the King," Mr. NEWMAN writes. Had he said "single-mindedness" no one could quarrel with him; for the single-mindedness with which Wagner set himself to exploit the infatuation of the young Bavarian king is as striking as anything of that kind in the career of his most famous admirer, Hitler. He appears, on the facts given by Mr. NEWMAN, to have felt no tenderness of any kind for the poor, unbalanced boy whose first thought on becoming king was to make it possible for Wagner to compose his masterpieces in ease and freedom from all material anxiety. Release from money worries was far

too negative a solution to satisfy Wagner, whose appetite for every kind of luxury was inordinate even when he was dependent on the bounty of over-optimistic tradesmen, and utterly insatiable when an open-handed king came his way. In one of his colder moments Mr. NEWMAN himself, who sometimes abandons his championship of Wagner in favour of sardonic amusement at his effrontery, suggests the likeness between Wagner's methods and Hitler's—"He expresses, as usual with him on occasions of this kind, his airy confidence that this will be the last time he will have to trouble the Treasury with his financial affairs—that he has, so to speak, no more territorial demands where Bavaria is concerned." It is not by chance that a man of action is drawn to a poet, a musician, or a thinker. Voltaire, shrewd, worldly and disillusioned, suited Frederick the Great; the cloudy visions of Ossian and the self-pity of Werther nourished Bonaparte with the mixture of hope and despair he desired in the years of his obscurity; and there is hardly a moment in this volume when Wagner says or does anything which would have jarred on Hitler.

H. K.

Gothic, Inside and Outside

It is exhilarating to note, as the floods of barbarism lap a little higher up Ararat every day, that the civilized ark has more and better men in it than one would have supposed. Even critics are beginning to stress human and not esoteric values; and a book like *English Church Design, 1040-1540* (BATSFORD, 12/6), which might so easily have become a dilettante's showpiece, illuminates a long span of England's aptitude (or disaptitude) for religion and for creative work. All architecture, says Mr. F. H. CROSSLEY, cocking his snook at the moderns, is "functional," or it would not be architecture. As mediæval architecture existed for mediæval functions, sixteenth-century materialism killed it; and when the Victorians tried to "revive" and "restore" Gothic they could hardly avoid making an unholy mess of it. Authentic vestiges of the real thing are admirably described and explained here, with the series' usual accompaniment of excellent photographs. The survey ends with a vivacious account of the mediæval craftsman, who was often peripatetic though employers tried to tether him by building him a house. We shall not, the author infers, see such men again until we know why we want them; for technique is a means to an end, and this particular end has been lost for four hundred years.

H. P. E.

Skirts of Time

The age of the pelisse, the bustle, the dolman, the Talma, the Zouave jacket and the mighty crinoline was, unquestionably, the great age of fashion. And the historian of costume is happiest in the nineteenth century, or, to be more precise, in the period from the early 1820s, when coloured fashion plates first became common, to the post-1918 period of mass-produced clothes. Later than this, he is bewildered; earlier, he is painfully short of information. There is no complete *everyday* English costume in existence dating farther back than two centuries ago. "As to garments below the surface," sighs one expert, Mr. Willett Cunnington, "we have no real knowledge whatever earlier than 1800." So Mr. JAMES LAVER chose the easiest way out when he confined his *Taste and Fashion* (HARRAP, 18/-) to the nineteenth century, but his learning, grace and gallantry carry all before it. No one of course is better qualified to choose the engravings and exquisite colour prints which illustrate the text or to deal, as he does, with taste as a reflection of history. His theory is that fashion, so tremblingly, acutely sensitive, actually anticipates the

spirit of the age. It is with this in view that he relates the structure of the crinoline to the Crystal Palace, or the violent colours of the *robe Poiret* to the coming of the Russian Ballet. More than Carlyle ever dreamed, this is civilization seen as a matter of cloth—and seen with wit and distinction. It is a pity that in this new edition of the book Mr. LAVER was just too early for that truly dramatic moment in the history of costume, when the liberation of Paris showed the extraordinary divergence between France and the rest of the world. There has been nothing like it since the end of the Napoleonic Wars, when the English lady found her waist a full six inches lower than the average Frenchwoman's. But this does not matter, for there is time for yet more editions of this scholarly ("it was also found desirable to have a separate chapter on corsets") and altogether charming book.

P. M. F.

A Room of One's Own—from Within

Now that the Dark Ages are again overtaking the twilight of humanism, the re-birth of anything spiritual and creative would only seem possible on conditions. The élite must abandon their lofty attitude towards the common man and substitute a generous compassion for the highly selective sensibility of the inter-war years. In so far as Mr. DAVID DAICHES' excellent study of *Virginia Woolf* (EDITIONS POETRY, 7/6) sees her as "deliberately an intellectual snob" and sets her in all the panoply of her perverted abilities four-square in her spiritually destitute world, he has done a service both to letters and life. Virginia Woolf arrived at fiction through criticism. She invented a poetic method and tried it out on the novel. And for honesty's sake she broke with the Galsworthy-Wells tradition of her day, because there was no popular consensus behind its ethical implications. She herself made no effort to arrest this dissolution—her work has the phosphoric luminosity of decay. Yet when she did confront principles and facts she is superb, as in her literary criticism and her descriptions of London and Cornwall. She lived, as she said, "in a transitional age"; and this pathetic book shows how easy it is to get lost in transit if you take no interest whatsoever in the terminus.

H. P. E.

Seven Sailors

In *Men of Action* Commander KENNETH EDWARDS sketched nineteen officers who had distinguished themselves in naval actions in the earlier part of the war. His *Seven Sailors* (COLLINS, 12/6) is concerned with officers who have been in charge of the larger operations that have marked the war's later stages. The book opens with a long and interesting account of the career of Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, the Allied Naval Commander during our invasion of the Continent. After the close of the last war, his ship, the *Benbow*, was the smartest in the Navy, and innumerable attempts were vainly made to discover the secret of the paint wash used on its sides. A flag officer thought he had extracted the secret from one of the *Benbow's* officers, and applied the receipt he had been furnished with to his own ship, which "emerged from her ordeal a ghastly mottled greyish brown." The sinking of the *Scharnhorst* by Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, the surprise attack on Madagascar by Vice-Admiral Sir Neville Syfret, and the brilliant work done by Captain W. G. Agnew against enemy supply lines in the Mediterranean are among the episodes dealt with by the author. Strangest and most arduous of the actions described is the Battle of the Barents Sea, in which Captain R. St. Vincent Sherbrooke, guarding a convoy bound for Russia, fought off a greatly superior

German force whose movements and composition, owing to the darkness in which the action took place, are even now not exactly known.

H. K.

Talking It Over

In the first chapter of his book, *A Cockney on Main Street* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 10/6), Mr. HERBERT HODGE tells us that he was driving a London bus when he received a lecture invitation from the American Workers' Education Bureau via the Ministry of Information to go to the U.S.A. and describe some of the things that were happening in Britain. Up to then the author's public speaking had been done from the B.B.C. or a soap-box. He reminds us that some of the world's wisest men—from Socrates to William Morris—have held forth at street corners. Broadcasting was difficult for him in war-time because the bus time-tables and those of the B.B.C. did not connect conveniently, so after many struggles with red tape, he reached America and had a weary fight to get his luggage "out of bond." The first part of the book is more entertaining than the account of the lecture tour, and this may be because the writer carries the little black dog of class-consciousness so securely on his shoulders. The chapter on Chicago, though it turned him into "a burly Britisher, boldly bragging about Britain," contains a long diatribe against council and public school education in this country. He breaks into an account of Detroit and the colour problems to assure us that "any kindly lady" who had been "guffing away about the heroism of her charwoman during the blitz" would "come spitting and snarling" if it were suggested that political reform would do that charwoman some real good. It is the same all the way through the book, which ends none too cheerfully—"If we sometimes feel we fall too hopelessly short of being gods ever to be able to build a civilized world, we can at least reflect that we haven't done so badly to date for monkeys."

B. E. B.



"A to K and L to Z, but no K to L."

At the Play

"CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY" (SAVOY)

THE programme assures us that it is the year 1916, in the town of Tucson, Arizona, which cannot have changed much since O. Henry's Jeff Peters and Andy Tucker were steering around it in dubious partnership. On the first night we stayed obstinately in 1945, and at the Savoy Theatre. What should have been, according to the forecast, a brisk gale from the wilder west, came to us only as a teasing zephyr. This was not altogether the fault of the piece—founded by Mr. JULIUS J. EPSTEIN and Mr. PHILIP G. EPSTEIN upon a book by Miss Rosemary Taylor. It is a serviceable affair; a comedy, farcical-sentimental, of a small-town boarding-house inhabited by eight or ten eccentrics from the property-basket of the American stage. No one attempts to crack the satiric thong. It is just a comedy according to Transatlantic formula—a go-as-you-please domestic fantasy which may seem like child's play to the unsympathetic, but which can respond, no doubt, to cunning direction and performance. The piece, sometimes vapid, often noisy, takes on the whole a moderate second class; it is funnier in essence than *Three's a Family*, which had here the advantage of a production with something of the right pace and zest.

Chicken Every Sunday wavers because neither direction nor playing has the proper tang. American producers have mapped these domestic never-never lands, and an American company would have found for the Tucson guest-house the shrewdly calculated air of improvisation it needs. The Savoy version is too stolid and quite without local colour.

We are at Mrs. Blackman's. She comes from the O'Kellys; we recognize the accent when she is in anger. Her husband is the president of the street-car line, vice-president of the bank, owner of the laundry, dabbler in a gold-mine, and dependent wholly upon his wife: her boarding-house is the family's salvation. The lodgers and

hangers-on, a bewildering crew, vary between a stick of a business man whom the coloured maid claims as a German spy, and a maudlin ex-vaudeville actress (Miss KATHLEEN BOUTALL) who yodels in her cups. A few of the people have a certain charm: a much-mothered young man (Mr. MARTEN TIFFEN) who scribbles verse because his parent insists upon it, and a street-car driver (Mr. CHARLES ROLFE) who has, so he says, an affinity with *Ben-Hur*. Miss ANGELA BADDELEY's Mrs. Blackman seizes our

Henry's Jeff Peters said once, "when Andy began to drink. He has the artistic metempsychosis which is half drunk when sober and looks down on airships when stimulated." A trace of Andy's careless rapture is needed at the Savoy. If only this play would look down on airships! J. C. T.

"SWEET YESTERDAY" (ADELPHI)

There is another story across the Strand where Mr. JACK HULBERT has produced a new "musical romance" in the manner long established for this brand of solemn frolic. Everything here is correctly splendiferous: we spend the evening rocking gently upon what Mrs. Amanda Ros, pearly queen of descriptive writers, has called "the shimmering and flashy waves of moonlit quash."

It is much easier to cross the Channel than the Atlantic. Mr. PHILIP LEAVER's plot, set in Napoleonic France (Trafalgar year), seems to be happiest when its people are being desperately gallant or desperately sinister; when Mr. REGINALD TATE is masquerading, Mr. WEBSTER BOOTH and Miss ANNE ZIEGLER are in strong voice in a prison cell, and Mr. HUGH MILLER glides about like a successor to the Pimpernel's Chauvelin. Matters are less jocund while Mr. MARK DALY is looking on the bright side and Miss DORIS HARE wrestles with a Sans-Gêne sans humour and, regrettably, sans Napoleon. (Certainly Napoleon should have appeared: he is an essential property.) Is the

piece good of its kind? Let us say that Mr. KENNETH LESLIE-SMITH's score has the appropriate spirit, that the libretto offers all expected joys, and that the cast—led by Mr. BOOTH—thrusts eagerly at the romance and the music. For collectors of tushery there are such pleasing moments as that in which the English spy shatters his glass rather than drink confusion to Britain. Mr. TATE bears both his heroics and the Oriental fancy-dress of the second act with a resolution beyond all praise. No jaded historian should miss *Sweet Yesterday*. Without doubt, Mr. LEAVER has sources quite unsuspected by the Public Record Office. J. C. T.



REGISTERING INNOCENCE—OR, WHEN THE LIGHT WENT UP

Jim Blackman. MR. FRANK LEIGHTON
Emily Blackman. MISS ANGELA BADDELEY
Jake. MR. W. G. FAY

affection though she never reaches Arizona. The actress can always warm the stage; if this is miscasting it is at least an agreeable example. Mr. FRANK LEIGHTON, the husband, has a cheerful readiness but nothing of the personality for such a romp as this; again we look for an American actor's embroidery, for the native voice and the native touch. Mr. W. G. FAY, his coaxing self as a playboy of the western world, is occasionally inaudible; and Miss ALISON LEGGATT, in an embarrassing part, remains a good actress in the toils.

All the evening we wait for a gust of comic inspiration to hurtle across the stage. "I expected trouble," O.

Smith Minor, M.P.*

By Smith Minor

EVERY now and then, when he thinks we need it, our headmaster makes a speech, and *l'autre jours* he made one that was full of hot stuff. I'm not going to give the whole speech, becorse if I did there wuoldn't be room for anything else, but it encluded the folowing, i.e.:

"Well, boys, the fuchure lies in your hands, and what are you going to make of it? As you grow older are you going to think only of your own carears, or are you going to take a wider vue and think of others? Who knows, a fuchure Prime Minister may be sitting among you at this momint!"

It was a solenm thort. In fact, it was so solenm that some of us got together afterywords to talk about it, one boy saying, his name being Hartopp,

"How do you get to be a Prime Minister?"

"Well, you've got to be an M.P. first," said Green.

"And then you jest reverse the letters," said a boy named Pym, being rather clever.

"We're being serious," said a boy named Cornforth.

"You can be interesting while you're being serious," said Pym.

"You can be, but that dosen't mean you are," said Cornforth.

"Oh, come," I said, "you can't get away from it, what Pym said was interesting. If I'd thort of it, I'd of said it."

"Dose that prove it's interesting?" said Cornforth or Hartopp, I can't remember wich.

"I grant it dosen't," I said.

"What interests me," said Green, "is that all this isn't helping any of us to become a Prime Minister. To be a Prime Minister we've got to be an M.P., and to be an M.P. we've got to learn to talk sensably."

"I didn't know M.P.s talked sensably," said Pym.

"Most of them don't," said Green, "but Churchill dose, and he's the one we want to become."

"What I expeckt we need is practise," I said.

"Exackly, young Smith," said Green, "*vous l'avez dites*, so I vote we get some."

"How?" said a boy named Newt.

He made up the lot.

"By having an elecktion," said Green. "Let's have one to-morrow."

There was no gainst-saying, it was a Nock-Out Idea!

Well, this was how we worked it. There being six of us, we desided that three wuold be the Candydates and the other three wuold be the what's called Agents, the Agents being the ones who do the writing wile the Candydates being the ones who do the talking. Nachurally they all wanted to be the Candydates, bar me, I prefer writing,

* Not really. Author.



S. Klein ca

so in the end we tossed to see who would be what, and it came out, i.e.:

Conservative Candydate—Cornforth.

His Agent—Hartopp.

Libral Candydate—Me.

My Agent—Green.

Labour Candydate—Pym.

His Agent—Newt.

Cornforth wanted to swop with Pym, and I would of liked to swop with Green,

"But once the penny hath been spun,

"Tis fell to alter what's been done,"

so we agreed to stick to what we'd got.

The next thing was the posters, and as the agents had to write these and Green said he didn't read me, I left him to it, and made a speech to myself in a looking-glass to see what I looked like,* but it was a mistake, so don't do it. When I got back to Green he'd finished the poster, and this was it:

Vote For
SMITH MINOR
and a
BETTER WORLD
Why?
HE WILL TELL YOU
When?
TO-DAY AT 6
Where?
AT YE PAVILION
SMITH
FOR HONESTY

I wasn't very kean on the last two lines, prefering it to be found out, if it's true, but Green said I must think of the Party and not myself, so I let it go.

"Only it isn't to-day," I said.

"It will be to-morrow when to-day's yesterday," he said.

"Oh," I said.

Well, came to-morrow, and with it the posters. Cornforth's promised a World Fit For Heroes, and Pym's promised Fortunes For All, encluding Sweaps.

The Meating wasn't to be till six, *comme vous avez gathérée*, but of corse one couoldn't waist all the time before, so I asked Green what he thort I ouht to do, and he said I'd better do a spot of canvasing.

* Making a speech. *Author.*

"What's that?" I said, I'm afraid not knowing.

"You find poeple with babies and are nice to them," he said.

"You don't honestly mean that?" I said.

"No, I don't," he said, "what I mean is you must talk to poeple and make them promise to vote for you."

"Supose they won't?" I said.

"They properly won't," he said.

And, as a matter of fact, they didn't. During the morning I canvased thirteen poeple, and one promised that he might, and the other twelve promised that they wuoldn't.

So in the afternoon Green took the canvasing on, he being better than me at talking about me, and I spent the time in prepairing my Elecktion Speech and trying to find out what a Libral was.

Now we'd aranged that the three Candydates wuold make their, or our, wichever it is, Elecktion Speeches at the Meating in alpherbatical order backwards, this puting me the first, and as the whiching hour of six drew near,

"And hoards of boys swormed to the hall,

Some fat, some thin, some short, some tall,"

you've got to admit one felt a bit whobberly. To be honest (see my poster), if it hadn't been for Green, and also for what you feal like afterwards, I nearly beleive I'd of backed out. But I didn't, and when six o'clock aektuallly came, here was I sitting at one end of the Pavilion, with Green getting up to intrduce me to seas of filmy faces, at least, that's what they looked like to me.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, though there weren't any ladies, "you see before you Mr. Smith, our Libral Candydate. Nead I say more? No! So now I will let him speak for himself."

And then he sat down, and I got up.

Now, to understand the extrdinary thing that hapened you've got to know that when I make speeches (you see, this wasn't quite my first, I've made one on Feading Caneries, and another on Can Spiders Think?) what I do is to always start by looking up rather high so I won't see anybody, it makes you less nervous, and you don't look down again untill you feal properly wound up, when you can stare at anybody.

Well, so, now, looking up, and not seeing anybody, I said,

"I come before you, my friends, at a solenn hour. The war is half over, or you might say five-eighths, but what do we still see around us? Lo, we see poor poeple struggling to be rich, and rich poeple struggling not to be poor, each shouting at each other, I don't mean aektuallly, but in a way, and then with all this, my friends, that is, if you are, think of all the houses that have got to be built and the taxes and other soar trials. How, then, shall we get this happier world we all of us want? That is what one asks. How?"

When I was as far as this I heard a squeaky voice somewhere, it seemed outside, and also a shuffeling, but I paid no attenshun, one mustn't, but went on, still, don't forget, looking up.

"If you think I am going to promise you this happier world, far be it! My poster says I am honest, and we must grant it may be right. But are we going to get it by the Invested Interests of the Hon. Conservative Mr. Cornforth?" (Note. I don't know much about the Invested Interests, but Green told me to be sure and menshun them. End of note.) "Or by sudenly giving Poor Poeple, say, ten thousand pounds each, even Sweaps, like the Hon. Labour Mr. Pym would like to do? Where wuold it come from? A tap? No! Then where?"

And now I heard the squeaky voice again, like someone immitating me, and more shuffeling, but still I went on, still, don't forget, still looking up.

"No, my friends, it is no good going to these fell extreams, what we've got to do is to stick in the middle, that's what us Librals do, and insted of trying to do everything at once, one thing or the other, wichever it wuold be, according to what you are, to go full tilt for gradule degreas, e'en as a flower that will not be hurried, but grows untill, lo! it comes!"

Now this was where I felt safe and looked down. But what did I see? Lo! Only Green! All the others, encluding Cornforth and Pym, had gone out to see a Punch and Judy Show!

Mind you, I'm as hot on Punch and Judy Shows as anybody, don't forget that, but where is our country going to if, on the eave of a General Elecktion, we prefer them to Politics?

Anyhow, it worked out well for the Librals, becorse Green and I both voted for me, and I got in.

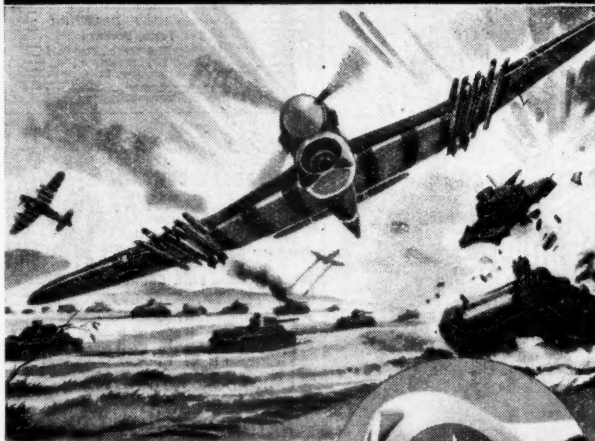
NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper.

The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Peace will bring back
to everybody the
pleasures of photography
with still better and
faster Ilford Selo films

ILFORD
SELO
FILMS

HAWKER SIDDELEY ACHIEVEMENTS


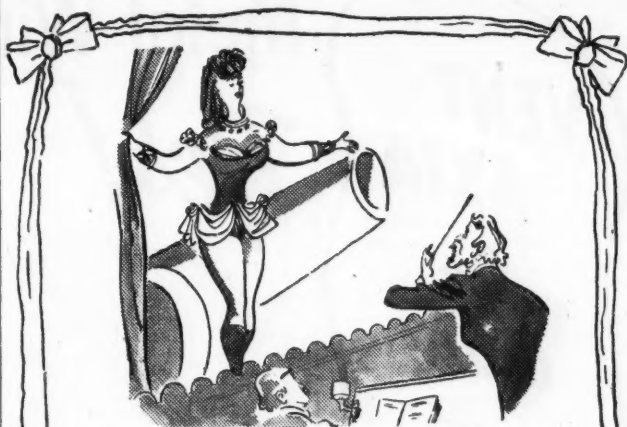
**Give him
a rocket!**

Always where it was wanted, the rocket-firing Typhoon was a decisive factor in the battle of Normandy. This same dependability will be built into the new Armstrong-Siddeley car—product of the same engineering group.

The story behind the post-war

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY
Cars

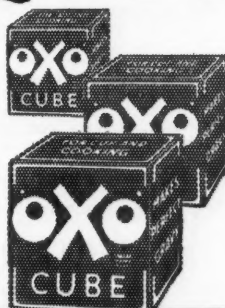
ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS • Branch of HAWKER SIDDELEY AIRCRAFT Co. Ltd.



When the daring Zazel stepped on the stage of the Old Aquarium Music Hall, even the conductor's baton quivered with expectancy. What a tense moment when she was shot from the gun—to fall safely into the distant net! And how the audience enjoyed it, for Zazel was one of the favourites of the day, as indeed were Romary biscuits, too. To-day, we also enjoy a feeling of expectation, at the thought of more frequent appearances of our own old favourites—Romary's Tunbridge Wells Water Biscuits—Wheaten Biscuits—Cocktail Biscuits—Ginger Nuts—and Honey Bake.

ROMARY
'Tunbridge Wells' Biscuits


Little and Good!



Just like the
OXO Cube—the
little that means
so much.

VENT-AXIA
for
better
air
conditions

VENT-AXIA LTD
8, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.W.1
AND AT GLASGOW & MANCHESTER



GREENS LTD

Cigar & Wine Merchants
37 & 38 Royal Exchange, Cornhill
London, E.C.3

Have pleasure in offering a
limited quantity of

MARSALA

recently imported from Sicily.

Control Price 15/- per bottle
(delivery and packing extra
if sent).

an
appointment
with
HEALTH

Thousands of rheumatic people
have discovered that in booking a
course of treatment at the Royal
Baths, Harrogate, they had indeed
made "an appointment with health"

Perhaps, you also can derive
benefit from one of the many
specialised treatments available.

at the **ROYAL BATHS
HARROGATE**

ENQUIRIES REGARDING ACCOMMODATION
SHOULD BE SENT TO H. ROBERTS, MANAGER.

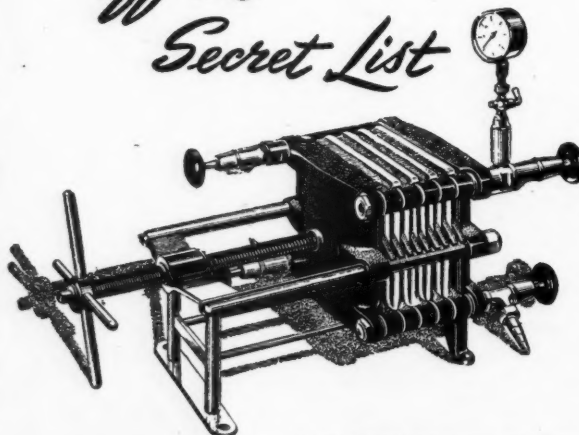
Metal Windows?

Yes!



RUSTPROOF METAL WINDOW COMPANY LIMITED
DEVA WORKS, SALTNEY, CHESTER. LONDON OFFICE:
9, HANOVER STREET, LONDON, W.1. TEL.: MAYFAIR 2764

*Off the
Secret List*



This is our Filter TYPE A.P. 20. It's
used wherever large quantities of
blood plasma are prepared for the
Forces Medical Services.

The preparation of this patho-
logical liquid requires filtration
efficiency of the highest possible
standard. Not only must the filter
remove the smallest solid particles

but it must also remove all bacilli
and living organisms by steriliza-
tion.

Pathologists and chemists have
said some very nice things about our
blood filter. For example we have a
letter from a very large Service Blood
Transfusion Laboratory which says
"The British Filter, A.P. 20, can be
considered 100% efficient."

★ **WATCH THIS SPACE** for our other specially designed
filters as they come off the secret list. One of them may
be a valuable help to your post-war product or process.

BRITISH FILTERS LTD.

LONDON SHOWROOM: 32 NEWKLEY STREET, W.1 • HEAD OFFICE: OLD COURT, COX GREEN, MAIDENHEAD
GRO. 2223 MAIDENHEAD 2560

★ ★ ★

The History of
HENNESSY
is the History of
**GOOD
BRANDY**

★ ★ ★

RATTRAY'S 7 RESERVE TOBACCO

Many handsome letters of appreciation of Rattray's service have
been received even during the war
period. Some say thanks for
prompt attention given, some
praise the packings—all give un-
stinted thanks for the excellence
of the tobacco and the pleasure
they get from it. For Rattray's
it is a great joy to know they have
so many enthusiastic friends.

A customer writes from Bradford—
"As confirmed pipe smokers, we
think your tobacco absolutely first
class."

Obtainable only from



Chas. Rattray
TOBACCO BLENDER
Perth, Scotland
Price 50/4 per lb. Post Paid
Send 12/7 for sample 1-lb.
tin. Post Free.

Stairs Blazing

BUT ESCAPE CERTAIN

for entire family even from
highest floor if Automatic DAVY
is fitted. Average cost £20.

Send 1d. stamp for details.
JOHN KEER & CO. (M/chr) LTD.
Northwich, 15, Ches.

DAVY Automatic FIRE ESCAPE



HE KNOWS THAT

DENTURES

CAN AND SHOULD BE
KEPT AS CLEAN AS
NATURAL TEETH



Kolynos Denture
Powder, used in con-
junction with a stiff
brush, has proved a
reliable medium
in the effective
cleansing of the dental plate of all food
debris. A safe and efficient stain-
remover, it is harmless to all denture-
bases—whether vulcanite, metal or
the new 'plastic' type. From all
chemists—1/3.

KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER

Also, where gum-shrinkage has affected
the normal suction grip, KOLYNOS
DENTURE FIXATIVE makes false teeth
fit firmly. 1/3 & 3/3

JOAN'S MELTICIPATING...

...that
before long
she will
get lots
and lots
of



Meltis
Confectionery

N.B. To 'Melticipate' is to anticipate sweetly!
MELTIS LTD., LONDON AND BEDFORD



AERTEX

will be back again

soon now!

HELP THEM REBUILD...

A Scottish
War Medallist

by sending a
contribution
however
small. £500,000
is needed now
to build new
life-boats and
so make good
the losses and delays of war.



**ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**
Life-Boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.

The Earl of Harrowby, Hon. Treasurer
Lt.-Col. C. R. Satterthwaite, O.B.E., Secretary



Nothing seems
impossible
when your
energy
springs
from

TUROG
BROWN BREAD

The Thinking Layman

is coming to appreciate the importance of technical considerations in building. In the construction of post-war houses, factories, buildings of all sorts, he is aware that *thermal* and *sound* insulation will receive the importance short-sightedly denied them in the past. He expects therefore that CELOTEX—excelling in these qualities—will be much in demand for post-war buildings, designed for greater comfort and lower heating costs.

CELOTEX

INSULATING, BUILDING AND HARD BOARDS

CELOTEX LIMITED, NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD,
STONEBRIDGE PARK, LONDON, N.W.10

Members of the Building Board Manufacturers Association

AVOIDING A LONG CONVALESCENCE by raising the Metabolic Rate

WHEN you reach the convalescent stage and progress seems at a standstill, you wonder if you will ever get well. That depends largely on your metabolic rate.

The metabolic rate is your "living rate," the rate at which your body burns up energy and replaces that energy by absorbing nourishment from food.

A lowered metabolic rate is one of the after effects of illness. This means that the life processes are functioning too slowly to rebuild the body. To overcome this, you must absorb enough food to supply the needed energy. This is difficult because your appetite is poor when your metabolic rate is low.

To break this vicious circle, doctors prescribe easily digested foods, such as broths, soups, and meat extracts. In deciding which preparation to take, it is important to know that *one* meat preparation is outstandingly effective in raising the metabolic rate — Brand's Essence.

Clinical tests, conducted at a famous research institute, have shown that after taking Brand's Essence the metabolic rate is raised with extraordinary quickness and sustained for a quite exceptional length of time.

Once your metabolic rate goes up, your appetite returns, and you can absorb the necessary energy to get back your strength. Even when the very thought of food is distasteful, you find Brand's Essence tempting and easy to take. Price 3/- a bottle.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

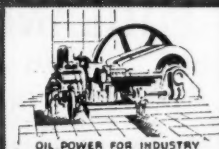


OIL POWER

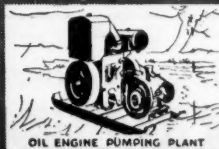
IN THE DRIVE FOR
PROSPEROUS PEACE



MARINE PROPULSION & AUXILIARIES



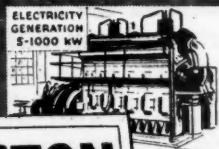
OIL POWER FOR INDUSTRY



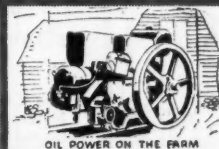
OIL ENGINE PUMPING PLANT



LOCOMOTIVES FOR INDUSTRIAL HAULAGE



ELECTRICITY
GENERATION
5-1000 kW



OIL POWER ON THE FARM

**RUSTON
OIL ENGINES**

*The Dependable source of
power all over the world*

RUSTON & HORNSBY LTD • LINCOLN • ENGLAND

HARMER'S OF BOND STREET

will sell at Auction

July 16th, 17th and 18th at 1 p.m.

The Fourth and Final Portion of

THE "THOMAS" COLLECTION—

Africa and Europe—

Catalogues, price 3d. each, post paid.

H. R. HARMER The World's Leading
Stamp Auctioneer.
29-31, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

*The Best
from the West*
**SYMONS'
DEVON
CYDER**
is perfection

Apple Mills

TOTNES, DEVONSHIRE
& RATCLIFF, LONDON, E. 15.

THE CHILD HE HADN'T SEEN



Leave at last! Father is home again and this time, not only his wife but their child—their first—whom he's never seen, greet him with outstretched arms.

How proud he is! Snapshots after all don't tell one much, but here's the finest and best baby in the world.

When natural feeding failed the doctor advised mother to get Cow & Gate Milk Food, and baby from that day never looked back!

Why not get COW & GATE for your baby today and also have the pleasure of seeing the look of pride on your husband's face when on his return home he sees what your loving care and Cow & Gate have together achieved!

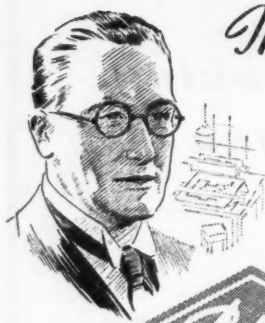
©3517

COW & GATE MILK FOOD
"Babies Love it!"

They'll come again
The original
FRENCH ALMONDS
Wafers coated
made by
Cravens
OF YORK

ASK FOR
NICHOLSON'S
GIN

The Purest Spirit made



The Architect knows...

that in planning new buildings for industry or public service, the problem of the power installation is of primary importance. His experience in the selection of suitable main or stand-by power plant has convinced him that for practically every service for powers up to 540 B.H.P.,

he can always rely on
ENGINES

PETTERS LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, ENGLAND.



FULL COVER

INSURANCE
FUND
EXCEEDS
£6,000,000



MIDLAND EMPLOYERS'
MUTUAL ASSURANCE LIMITED

Head Office: 16, Waterloo Street, Birmingham, 2

28 Branches all over the country.

Premium exceeds £3,216,642: General Manager: Allan S. Barnfield, O.B.E.

M.E.M.A.

announce

they are now
transacting all
classes of

FIRE :: LIFE
MOTOR VEHICLES
and
GENERAL ACCIDENT
INSURANCE



WE CAN HELP YOU!

● SEND A MEMO TO
M.E.M.A.



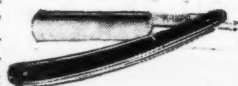
hand-forged — that's why
The

KROPP

shaves so luxuriously and
LASTS SO LONG

The Craftsmen who make this famous razor believe that there's no razor to equal the hand-forged KROPP. So do users all over the world. British-made from fine Sheffield steel. Lasts a lifetime. No grinding. No upkeep costs.

14/-, including purchase
tax. Of Hairdressers,
Cutlers and Stores.
Please send 2½d. stamp for
Postage and Booklet 160.
GEORGE GARRETT & CO.
LTD. LONDON, W.1



**KERFOOTS
MEDICATED
PASTILLES**

embodying the
manufacturing
experience of
eighty years

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH · ANTISEPTIC THROAT

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley
Lancashire

P1

BRUTUS? BILL? BUSTER?



Choose
my food
with the
same
care...

CHOOSE



SPRATT'S PATENT LTD · LONDON · E-3

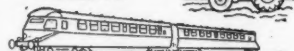
FOR
RHEUMATISM
GOUT, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA
AND ALL RHEUMATIC ILLS
use **CURICONES**
OBTAINABLE FROM
ALL CHEMISTS DOCTORS USE IT

**QUALITY & ACCURACY
OVERHAULS**

EVERY TYPE
OF ENGINE

EVERY TYPE
OF TRANSPORT

LINERS
CRANK GRINDING
BEARINGS REMETALLED
B.H.P. TESTS
ROAD SPRINGS
BRAKE DRUMS
WELDING



LAYSTALL The Motor &
General
Engineers
LIVERPOOL LONDON WOLVERHAMPTON

Head Office: 53, St. Saffolk St. S.E.1. Phone: WATERLOO 6141.



Please return
BRYLCREEM
bottles when empty

There is an acute shortage of bottles.
So if you will return the empties to the
shop where you get your Brylcreem
it will help us to keep up supplies.

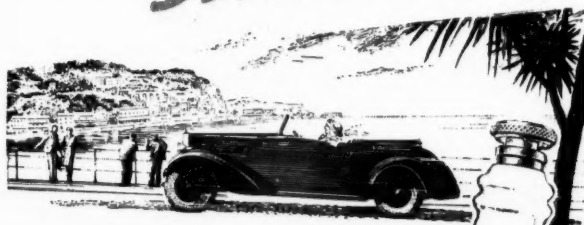
THANK YOU!

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1

royds 813



Tunis-or-Torquay
DEPENDABILITY



The grim mechanised fighting for Tunis or
pleasant holiday in the glorious sunshine
of Torquay—wherever engine performance
really counts there's always Champion
dependability.

CHAMPION
PLUGS



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED, FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX



**CRITTALL
WINDOWS**

WHEN YOU REBUILD

CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 210 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1

THE
KANGO
ELECTRIC
HAMMER

**NOW RELEASED FOR SALE
ANYWHERE — REMEMBER
ITS USES:**

Drilling, Hacking, Pointing, Bush Hammering, Chase Cutting any
building material.

Tamping and Vibrating any concrete mix either in building con-
struction or for artificial stone making.

Descaling furnaces, boilers and tanks.

Ramming fire-clay into furnaces.

Driving in copper electrodes for all earthing requirements.

Drilling holes in floors, walls, ceilings, etc., for Rawlbolt and other
fixing devices.

Floor cleaning in Factories, Bakeries and all Works where floors
get coated.

Any work where a large number of percussive blows are required.

ENQUIRIES WILL BE WELCOMED

MANSIONS MOTOR Co. Ltd
Morden Factory Estate, London, S.W. 19

TELEPHONE: LIBERTY 4253-4-5

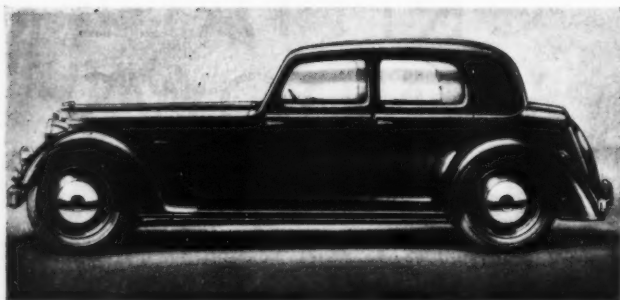


NOW AVAILABLE FOR ALL PURPOSES

40-101

ROVER

One of Britain's Fine Cars



The Rover factories are now being reinstated for car production, and deliveries to authorised buyers will begin in the Autumn.

The new cars will be similar in general design to the successful pre-war Rover models . . . with the addition of further detail refinements in the Rover tradition.



THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED COVENTRY and DEVONSHIRE HOUSE LONDON
CV5-395



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly, knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch
BLACK AND WHITE
cigarettes for Virginia smokers

Flat 15 for 2/3 - 25 for 3/9
100 for 15/-

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tin 5/10

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED